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The Mulcahey Twins.

BY TOM TEASER.

"Oh! come here Mike! Begorra, come here!"

"Where's me twin?"

"Beyanst there on the corner of the strate."

"Git out wid ye! he's a nagur."

"Divil a fip for that. Do you moind the big feet he has, an the long coat, an' the cap?"

the colored fellow that his pal had pointed out as looking so much like him.

"Come on, b'ys, 'till ye'd see the twin of Mike Mulcahey!" and about a dozen young fellows started to follow,

On the corner of Fulton and Front Streets



They all yelled murder; and the moment that the landlord recognized the "twins" he was the most abject and terrified person that was ever seen.

"What is it?"

"Come 'til ye'd ee yer twin!"

[Black or white, he's the livin' image of ye, in New York, stood the colored object of interest towards which they were going, Mike Mulcahey." Mike started to go towards

He was a negro boy, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, bright and smart-looking, dressed in a coat that he had probably captured somewhere, for it fitted him too much, lengthwise, sideways, and all ways; a pair of thick boots, and a cap that might have belonged to the former owner of the coat.

The only recommendation that his costume had was, that it would last him a long time if he grew ever so fast.

Mike Mulcahey stopped as he came near to him, and again the fellows cheered as they saw the remarkable general resemblance between the Irish lad and the colored one.

Coat, caps, boots, everything seemed to be made for the same person, and as they were about the same size and age, Mike could not help seeing the joke himself.

"Yes, begol, there's Mike's twin."

"Yes, the very same!" yelled the boys.

"Kiss him, Mike, he's yer long lost twin brother!"

"Shake hands wid him, Mike."

While this chaffing was going on, Mike Mulcahey stood regarding the colored boy with a look that was half surprise and half comical.

"Who—who you look at?" he demanded angrily.

"Ha, ha, ha! It's him, Mike, yer own twin brother. Do you moind the brogue he has?" asked one of the gang, and again they all laughed.

"Better not come 'round hea tryin' fo' ter pick up a muss wid me."

"Can you fight?" asked one.

"Guess I can get away wid dis gang," said he, starting to pull off his coat.

"Hold on, boys, I takesides wid him," said Mike, placing himself at the colored boy's side with both of his hands up for mischief.

The boys who had started for a little fun with the young darkey, quickly put down their hands and skipped out of reach.

"Oh, ho! do ye mind the twins," yelled several of them.

"Yes, the pair of beauties."

"The Mulcahey Twins."

At this a wild cry of merriment went up that even attracted the attention of the police even Mike laughed at the salute.

"Three cheers tor the Mulcahey Twins!"

"Le's go smash der jaws," said the colored boy.

"Oh, that's all very well; but who is going to catch 'em for us?"

"By gosh, I cotech 'em."

"No, you'll have to shoot that coat first," said Mike, laughing.

"Whot coat? Look at your own coat!"

"That's so. A pair of daisies, aren't they? Where'd you get yours?"

"Woman gib me 'em."

"Well, faith, I earned mine putting in a ton of coal. What's yer name?"

"At my arm! Don't you s'pose I know's dat you are tryin' fo' to fool me jus' same's dem udder chaps' is? Go shoot yerself!" said he, indignantly.

"Don't get yer back up, young feller; I don't want nuffin out'r ye."

"Don't make no difference, you'll get somefin' out'r me if yer don't go 'way an' luf me lone. Needn't tink cos I happens to be a cull'd chap dat I will take taffy."

"Faith, I'm friendly wid ye. Divil a haper I care whether yer black or white, if yer only a good cove. Let's get some beer," said Mike.

This had a more peaceful effect upon the mussy darkey than all the other protestations of friendship he could have offered, and so they started for the nearest lager bier saloon.

"Nuffin' proud an' stuck up 'bout me," said the darkey, as they stood before the bar.

"Nor me aither. Here's luck!" and the next minute the two foaming mugs of lager were out of sight.

"Now tell me yer name, will ye?"

"Got nuffin agin dat," said he, as they both walked out upon the street again. "My name am Gabby Grimes."

"And my name's Mike Mulcahey. There's one fist, as big as yer own, on it."

"Good 'nough," and the two fellows thus strangely met, shook hands heartily.

Then they walked down upon one of the wharves and sat down to talk over matters and get better acquainted, for the truth was very plain that the two of them took more than a common fancy to each other, although one was black and the other white.

According to Mike's account of himself, he was only a short time over from Ireland, and possessed neither kith or kin here, although there are many of his kind to be found. As for getting a living, he had picked up odd jobs wherever he could find them, and, being possessed of a happy-go lucky disposition, he took life just as easy as he could, and extracted all the fun he could out of it; in fact, unless he was hungry, he would go further for a lark than for a meal of victuals.

"By goshermighty, Mike, dat am putty near my case kersacly," said Gabby, laughing. "When de war broke out, I broke out, too, an' made my way hea, an', by goshermighty, I hab some rough times, too, you bet. Sometimes I bracks boots, sometimes I bracks eyes, an' took me altogether, I am one ob the rough-an'-tumble kind, ready for anything dat come along, from totin' a gemman's bag ter fightin' a crowd."

"Begob, Gabby, yer a lad afther my own heart, so ye are. Give us yer duke," and the two shook hands once more.

"All right, Mike; I likes you jus' as well as if you war a cul'd chap."

"Good fer you: good for both of us, begol. An' sure, Gabby, if the by's call us the Mulcahey Twins, we'll let 'em," said Mike.

"Don't care nuffin what dey call us if dey don't go foolin' me."

"Faith, we'll soon teach 'em better manners, so we will. We'll travel together; ate together; work an' live together, an', bejabers, we'll foight together."

"Goshermighty, dat suits dis child most ter def, Mike," said Gabby.

"We'll be pals."

"We will."

"Top or bottom."

"Rich or poor."

"Drunk or sober."

"Free an' easy."

"Rough or aisy."

"An' happy-go-lucky."

"There's my fist on it," and they both shook hands over the bargains earnestly.

Then they sauntered back to where they had first met, and the oddity and similarity of their general make-up attracted much more attention than either of them would have done alone.

Some of those whom they met suggested that they were two of a kind, one white-washed, while others said they were odd song-and-dance men out of a situation, and so hard up as to wear their stage costume for lack of any other.

Two or three of the gang who were present when they first met sang out: "There goes the Mulcahey Twins!" and the contrast created a laugh on all sides as they walked up Fulton Street.

And this is how the "twins" came together for the first time, and although it was several years ago, they are friends to this day.

But having introduced them let us now follow in their ramblings and adventures.

It happened at the time that they were both nearly dead broke, and the first thing to do was to make a raise somehow.

"Have ye ary a place ter live, Gabby," asked Mike, as they walked along.

"Goshermighty! I lives all over New York," replied Gabby, laughing.

"Well, faith, I think that's me entirely; but I had a dacint place down in Chatham Strate, only the hathenish ould rapscullion as kept the house was ondacint enough ter want his pay, and so we fell out—at laste I did, an' I haven't fallen into a place since."

"By gosh, le's go down dar an' have some fun wid him," said Gabby.

"Sure, he might call for der police, an' have some fun wid us."

"Not much. What kind of a duffer is he?"

"An old hook nose."

"A sheeney?"

"Faith, I think that's fut they call him."

"All right, Mike. Did he keep yer trunk?"

"Me trunk! Bejabers the only trunk I have has legs ter it, an' it has me clothes all on the outside of it, so it has," replied Mike.

"Who dat?"

"Who what; me trunk?"

"Yah."

"Me trunk is walkin' alongside of ye at the present moment, clothes an' all."

"Yah! yah! yah! No danger of baggage-smashers gitting hold ob dat trunk."

"Bejabers, they won't if I can help it."

"Mike, I got a notion," said Gabby, after a moment's silence.

"We'll go back to dat bodin'-house ob you's an' get squar wid de ole man."

"But how? Faith, I told him for two weeks that I was expectin' money from home, but he dropped on me little racket after a week or two."

"All right. We go dar an' I am your long lost brudder wid gobs o' money."

"Me brother!" exclaimed Mike, looking at him.

"Yes, only I been in Mexico an' got tanned."

Mike laughed heartily.

"But where's the money?"

"Now see, I fix dat. I knowed a chap as work de same racket once. Come 'long wid yer brudder," said he, turning into Spruce Street briskly.

"Och! me long lost brother!" said Mike, with humorous mock gravity.

"Dat all right. Aren't we Mulcahey Twins?"

"Go ahead; let's see yer scamin'."

"Come 'long down heah," said Gabby, leading the way down some basement stairs.

These led into the packing-room of a store where there were all sorts of boxes and articles for shipping goods. Gabby knew a young fellow who worked there.

"Hello, Gab. How you vas so long already?" asked a smart little fellow, who was at work there nailing up a box.

"Good 'nough, Finecut. I wants a little box," he added, looking around the room.

"What for?"

"To work a racket wid."

"What sort of a box?"

"One like this," said he, selecting one about as large as a soap box. "Gib me dis yer, Finecut?"

"Yes, if the boss don't stop you," said the boy.

"All right. Nail de cubber on all tight."

"There you are. Strap it?"

"Yes, bully. No, hol' on. Take off de cubber."

In a few moments the box was again opened, and Gabby shoveled it full of coal and cinders from the ash box, after which it was again nailed up and securely strapped.

The boys had quite a laugh about the affair while they were fixing the box; but Gabby would not give it away what he intended doing with it.

When all was fixed, he got the boy to mark the name of "G. Mulcahey" on the top, and then they were all fixed. As for the boy, Finecut, as he was called, all he cared for was to kill time, and assist Gabby in having some fun, as he had often done before, and so he managed to get them out with the box all right.

They took turns at carrying it along, all the while arranging what they should do, and exactly how they should do it.

A walk of ten minutes brought them to a little tumble-down hotel in Chatham Street, kept by an old Jew by the name of Abraham, and such a hotel as it was.

It was low, dirty, and overrun with all kinds of creeping things, from a cat to a bedbug.

But the old man always spoke of it as being equal to the Astor House in point of comfort, and if he could find anybody green enough he would charge them Astor House prices.

Having fixed their plan of operations, the two boys boldly entered the place, and as Mr.

Abraham had not yet got over mourning the loss of Mike Mulcahey and his board bill, it may well be believed that he opened his eyes on seeing him return.

In an instant his hard features changed, for he of course believed that Mike had "skipped," and that he would never have returned again had he not been possessed of some good fortune.

"Hello, Mr. Abraham," said Mike.

"Oh, Miester Mulcahey, ees dot you?" he asked, holding out his skinny hand.

"Sure, it's meself entirely."

"Vel, so help me Moses, I vos sorry dot I feel sure dot some accident had hurt you. Oh, I vos so glad to see you back again."

"Faith, an' it's glad I am ter get shelter under yer decint roof once more. This is my twin brother, Gabby Mulcahey," said he, turning to his pal, who had set down the box carefully.

"Yourn brodder?" exclaimed the old man, looking at Gabby. Oh, Miester Mulcahey, you is playing foolishness mit me."

"Faith, I'm not."

"Yourn brodder? Oh, mine got in him-mel!"

"Look 'like, don't we, boss?" asked Gabby.

"Mine got in himmell, no!"

"Och, faith, it's the tan he has on him that desaves ye."

"Vos os dot you say?"

"Sure, he's been livin' in Cubee for the last ten years, an' it's made him as black as a nager, so it has."

"Val, dot ish so," said the old fellow, coming nearer to get a closer look.

"But, sure, he'll blach out agin in a few months, livin' here. Have ye safe keepin' for his box of valuables?"

"Valuables? Oh, Miester Mulcahey, you knows dot everydings is safe in my hotel."

"He'll only lave it here until he turns a part inter ready money, an' the remainder he'll put in the Safe Deposit vault."

"Oh, dos is all right, Miester Mulcahey: I dakes ter pest care of it as never vos. Vos os dose valuables?"

"Nebber you mind, boss, I don't give it away; only I tell you it is something very valuable an' you must take mighty good care ob it," said Gabby, artfully, getting upon his dignity.

"Oh, have no fear, Mr. Mulcahey; dere vas never so much as von pin stole in mine hotel. I dakes him chust so and puds him righd here pehind mine gounter under some old books und bapers, und no body suspect dot it vos vord so much as kindling vood," saying which he placed the box carefully behind his little old rickety bar and covered it out of sight.

"No foolin' now 'bout dat, boss," said Gabby.

"Oh, mine got! I gives you mine word und honor dot it is chust as safe as it vas in der strongest bank vault, und besides I keepes my own eye upon it."

"All right. Now have ye grab ready?" asked Mike, who was always hungry.

"Chentlemens, my supper will be ready in about ten minutes. Make yourselves ad home und I go right und see about it," said he, going out of the room.

In fact, it was nearly dark, and other first-class hotels had long ago served their guests, but Abraham had not served his because there didn't happen to be anybody there to serve.

"Bejabers, Gabby, ye're fit for a prince," whispered Mike, after the landlord had gone.

"But we can't stop here long on dat racket."

"Why not? Sure, he thinks there's thousands in it."

"Gabby, dat's de very reason."

"An' how do you make that out?"

"Why, dat's one ob de wuss lookin' ole skins dat I ebber seen, an' he'll go fro dat box afore it hab been here two nights."

"Then, begorra, we'll arrest him for burglary, an' wid der fright of it kape him boardin' and lodgin' us for the remainder of our natural lives, so we will."

"By golly, we hab some fun out ob it any way."

"An' at least one day's board. Hark!"

At that moment the landlord returned all covered with smiles and graciousness, and informed them that supper was ready.

And the way they did go for and lay in that grub was a caution to cattle. The table was waited upon by a dark, sharp-eyed woman, hard of feature and scant of speech. She watched the "brothers" very closely, but they were not chinning then: they were filling two empty stomachs.

In the meantime Mr. Abraham was not idle, for as soon as he saw them both seated at the table, he went back into his office and cautiously began to handle the box of valuables.

"Mine Got, I vonder vat is dot! Perhaps it vos gold dust. No, it is too light for dot. Perhaps it is diamonds dot he got someware. Oh, mine fadder Abraham! if it is," and he put the box back in place and covered it up again just as the boys came from the dining-room.

But they knew he was smelling round it and so said nothing.

"Chentlemens, I hope you vas make a goot supper ad my hotel," said he, fawningly.

"Fus' class, boss," said Gabby.

"I always keeps der best dat der market affords, chentlemen."

"An' how is it wid yer cigars?" asked Mike.

"Ah, chentlemens, I hafe der finest you ever smoked in your lives."

"Trot 'em out," said Gabby.

"I hafe 'em here in a private box vat I keeps for particular customers."

"That's what we are, sure," said Mike.

"Of course," said he, taking an old, rusty-looking box from under his counter.

"An' jes' remember, boss, dat I come from de land of good smokers, an' know all about 'em," put in Gabby.

"Oh, I is sure dot you will like dot cigar," he said, handing them the open box.

In truth, they were vile weeds; but as neither of the boys knew a good cigar from a bad one, they pretended to like them, and to agree with the landlord that they were real Havanas. This flattered the old fellow very much, for he now felt sure that he should be able to dispose of the whole stock at twenty cents apiece, being worth about two.

And so they smoked and guded the old chap by talking about where Gabby had been, and the adventures he had met with in Mexico, Cuba and Brazil, and every now and then some allusion to the valuables in the box would set the landlord's ears to tingling.

So they kept until ten o'clock, during which they had gassed the old fellow so completely that he was ready to believe anything of the darkey.

"Is our room ready?" asked Mike at length.

"Gentlemens, a soft bed awaits you," said the landlord, only too glad to get rid of them.

"All right, hand out my bat dar," said Gabby, approaching the counter.

"Oh, mine dear sir, it is chust as safe here vid me," he protested, politely.

"Not much. Too much property dar to sleep 'way from me."

"But I watch him all night."

"So will I, boss. I've watched it good many nights, wid a six-shooter in my hand."

"Oh vel, if you doubts my honor, vy all right," he replied, placing the box reluctantly on the counter.

Taking it under his arm he followed Mike and the landlord up stairs to a room that was directly under a dilapidated skylight, and which contained a thin bed, a three-legged table, and two creaking chairs.

"All safe here, boss?" he asked.

"Chust as safe as anywhere in de city," said he, setting down the lamp and retiring.

As soon as the door was locked and they were alone, they began to go through a most comical pantomime to express their feelings, not daring to speak for fear that somebody might be listening, and in this way they enjoyed a good half-hour's fun, while Abraham was down

stairs clubbing himself on account of his bad luck in not being able to get at these valuables during the night.

The next morning they rose quite early, dressed themselves and went down into the office, leaving the box in their room. This did not escape the attention of the landlord, and he appeared to exert himself all the more to please them.

Thinking to throw them from their guard, he made them each a nice cocktail, to give them an appetite for their breakfast, and as they informed him that they should be absent a portion of the day, he even went so far as to provide several extras for their meal.

"Goshermighty! maybe dis yer am'ent any soft nor nuffin," whispered Gabby, while they were eating.

Breakfast over, they were again given cigars, lighting which, they started out, promising to be back before supper time.

There never was a more delighted rascal in the world than that landlord was when he saw them go from the house, and, without loss of time, he proceeded to get a hammer and a chisel with which to open the box.

The woman who had waited upon the table accompanied him, but hardly had they got into the room, before Mike and Gabby returned knowing full well what he would do.

They had learned in the morning, before coming down to breakfast, that there was a ladder in the entry, near their room, which led up to a scuttle in the roof, and finding that the old chap was nowhere to be found down stairs, they at once concluded that he was in their room.

Taking off their boots they stole softly up to the roof and along to the skylight, which enabled them to look down into the room where the old rascal was at work.

Even before they went up the ladder they heard him hammering away to get open the supposed treasure box.

As before stated, the roof and skylight was old and rotten, but so anxious was Abraham that he did not hear the creaking overhead; and just as he had succeeded in opening the box, and just as he and the woman stood aghast at the sell played upon them, crash! bang! went the skylight just over their heads, and down came Gabby and Mike, head over heels on top of them.

Four frightened individuals yelled murder, but the moment that the landlord recognized the "twins" he was the most abject and terrified person that was ever seen.

The boys were not hurt, and picked themselves up quickly.

"Fat the divil are you doin' here?" yelled Mike, seizing the old rascal.

"Oh, mine Got in himmell, have mercy!" he cried. "I was only seein' if der valuables vas safe, dot is ail, so help mine Got!" and he fell upon his knees imploringly.

"Oh, by golly, dat's good! Bess I ever seen in all my trabbles! Oh, yah, yah, yah!" and Gabby laughed as though he would split the top of his head off.

"It's only coal ashes and cinders," said the woman.

"Makes no odds; you committed bugglery all the same, an' by gosh, we catch yer."

"Out, ye thavin ould rascal," said Mike.

"Oh, chentlemens, you vas welcome to all dot you hafe had if you vil go und say no dings about dis. Und ven you vas hard up somedimes, come to me und I vill give you a stake. Dot vas two nice boys; now go right away, blease," he pleaded.

They had a good laugh at the old rascal's expense, and after making him treat, they left him alone in his glory, giving him the valuable box, and once more they were upon the street, happy-go-lucky, and ready for whatever might turn u next.

CHAPTER II.

MIKE MULCAHEY and Gabby Grimes, the black and white chaps whom we got quite well acquainted with in our last chapter, and who were

nicknamed the Mulcahey Twins, walked along up Chatham Street towards the City Hall, laughing heartily over the fun they had enjoyed with the thieving old landlord who had been fooled into attempting to rob them.

"By de great greased gosh, Mike, dat war de mos' fun I eber had in my life," said Gabby, tossing his arms up over his head, and manifesting his delight in many comical ways.

"Och, by the toe-nail of Moses, but we came mighty near battering our brains out when we fell down that bloody ould skylight."

"By golly, I'd laugh right over dat if I bus' my whole head off."

"An, sure, I think I be after laughin' ter hear ye laugh wid your head off, but if the divil himself had tumbled down upon 'em they wudn't been more frightened. Bad luck to his ould thavin' carcass, if he hadn't a been so fast for gettin' at our box of valuables, we moight have had a wake's board wid him, so we wud."

"Dat am so, Mike; but it am the way ob de world. Honest peoples hab ter suffer fo' de sins ob de dishonest," replied the darkey, with a long drawn face and serious expression.

Mike laughed at his companion, and on they walked, hardly knowing or caring which way they went.

Arriving at the *Daily News* office they found a crowd of youngsters waiting to get into the press-room.

"Golly, I guess dere am sumfin happened," said Gabby.

"Happened ter who?"

"I don't know; but de newsboys am awaitin' fo' de fus' papers. I say, Mike, let's take out some."

"An' sell 'em?"

"Ob'cos'; like de odder boys. We can make a good stake, maybe."

"How much are they, sure?"

"Two fo' cent, an' we sell 'em fo' cent."

"Faith, I think we've just money enough ter buy us one paper apiece," said Mike, taking out his last penny.

"Am dat de bottom one, Mike?" asked Gabby, looking solemn.

"Faith, it's both bottom and top, for it's the only one I have in the worruld."

"By Gosh!" and Gabby began to go through himself in search of money, but with bad success.

"What der yer foind, Gabby?"

"Fin' hole in my pocket, dat all," he said, and he scratched his head, thoughtfully.

Just then two newsboys came along in animated conversation regarding the sensation that was expected in the coming paper.

"Oh, bully ole steamboat explosion, mor'n fifty people blown ter thunder," said one.

"Oh, Jimminy! arn't that high? How many *Newses* are yer goin' ter take out, Matt?"

"Fifty. Come on!" and away they ran towards the press-room of the newspaper.

"You hea' dat, Mike?" asked Gabby.

"Faith I did; but where'll we get a start?"

The colored half of the "twins" scratched his woolly head in a puzzled way.

Just then a butcher's wagon drove rapidly along close to the sidewalk.

Quick as thought Gabby ran after it, and seizing a carcass of mutton he pulled it from the load down upon the ground.

Mike knew that something was up, and he ran out to where he was to get a hand in.

Before reaching him, Gabby was yelling like a fog horn for the butcher to stop, and Mike instantly saw the point.

"Hould on, ye ignoramus!" he yelled, "wud ye lave yer shop behoid?"

"Stop dar!" put in Gabby, and shouldering the mutton he ran after the cart, the driver having heard the cry, that had now become general, and pulled up.

Gabby ran up and threw it on top of the load again.

"Dar you are, boss; gib us a quarter."

"Did it drop off?" asked the butcher.

"Ob'cos it did, an' if it hadn't been fo' dis chile you lose 'em shua."

"Well, that's all right. Here's your quar-

ter," said he, handing it to him and driving away.

"Oh, I guess not," said Gabby, swaggering back to meet Mike. "How am dat?"

"Faith, Gabby, ye're a great financier. But, faith, ye gave him four quarters an' he gave ye one."

"Oh, stop foolin' wid yer conundrums. Come along, an' I'll make a newsboy ob yer," saying which he ran down the steps leading to the press-room and bought a ticket for fifty papers.

This was no new business to Gabby, for he had often taken out a lot whenever there was any special news, although Mike had never tried his hand at it.

"Hello, Gabby," cried some boy in the room who recognized him; "where's yer twin brother?"

"Outside heah."

It only took a few moments for the fame of the Mulcahey Twins to spread over the room, and it afforded the crowd of boys much amusement, the idea of an Irish and a negro boy being twins.

In a few moments the counter began to give out the papers as they came from the press, and with wild cries of delight the boys rushed up the street with their bundles and started off in different directions, yelling out at the top of their voices:

"Ere yer are! *Newes*; all 'bout a great railroad accident!"

Mike and Gabby came up to the sidewalk.

"Have ye 'em?" asked Mike.

"Don't yer see! Now you take ten fust off, an' I sell forty while yer sell yours," said Gabby, counting out the papers to him.

"Cint apiece?"

"Cose; an' if you find a flat, stick him for two cents. Now, go ahead."

"Faith I will, for I can't go backwards."

"Now dance," said Gabby, starting towards Printing-House Square.

"Extra *News*! all about the great railroad an' steamboat accident; two hundred people killed!" he yelled.

This brought him customers right away, although he didn't stay long in a place for fear that some of them might kick when they found that he had piled on the killed a trifle too thick; but in the course of fifteen minutes he returned to the office again with only one paper.

Glancing around he saw Mike standing backed up against a building, holding his bundle of papers in his hand.

"What you do heah?" he asked.

"Faith, I'm a merchant," said Mike.

"Whar's yer store?"

"Here's me store of papers."

"Sold none?"

"Sure, I souled wan, an' the chap said as how he'd come back after a bit an' pay me for it."

"Oh, go shoot yerself! Why don't yer get out an' whoop? How you spec ter sell papers without whoopin' all 'bout it?"

"About what, sure?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Why, all 'bout de great accident. Didn't yer hea what de odder coves is shoutin'?"

"Faith, I didn't know fat the divil ailed 'em anyway. Is it shout I must?"

"Yes. Watch me," said Gabby, turning away.

"Ere you are! double extra *News*; all about de great railroad slaughter; two hundred lives lost!"

"Did anybody get killed?" asked a fellow who was passing.

"One ob you family, a big jackass, got his norf ear broke off. 'Ere yer are! Extra! All 'bout de great slaughter!"

In a minute he had sold his last paper, Mike watching him with much earnestness.

"Must I spake the truth?"

"Yas, if yer don't want ter sell no paper. Go in an' yell out."

"Sure, I will," said he, going into a cigar store and then sticking his head back out of the door.

"Wha you do dar," asked Gabby.

"Here's yer double-jointed extra! All about a great railroad accident in the North River!" he yelled.

"Wha' yers fool fo'?"

"But didn't ye tell me just now, sure, ter go in an' yell out? An' haven't I came in nere, and arn't I yelling out?"

"Oh, go way wid yer foolin'. Business am business. How you 'spect we eber get rich if we don't jump in an' 'tend to work? Come out."

Mike did come out just in time to avoid the toe of a boot that the proprietor of the cigar store had thrown at him.

"Here's yer big extra! Big railroad accident?" he cried, and in less than two minutes he had sold three papers.

"Dat's all right. Now, I'll go fo' twenty-five mo' papers," said Gabby, starting off, leaving him to paddle his own canoe.

"Extra! all about a terrible smash-up."

"What's the matter now—bull in a china shop?" asked a pleasant-faced old man, while going through himself to find a penny.

"Wus nor that, sur; two bulgines bucked der heads together."

"Good! here's your penny."

"Thank you, sur: may the frost never nip- yer praties, or the grass grow before yer-dure."

"Good again. Here's fivepence for you."

"May the divil run away wid all yer creditors," said he, as the old man walked away.

"Faith, I think that blarney pays better than sellin' papers in this country. I wonder where Gabby's gone? Sure, if I had the cheek and the blarney that naguer has, I'd be an alderman in less than a year."

He went on selling and getting more confidence in himself until his stock was all disposed of, and he found himself twenty-five cents ahead.

Gabby came back soon after, having sold out his last twenty-five papers, and once more the Mulcahey Twins were in fine feather, with quite a dollar between them.

They were congratulating each other when a burly Englishman came up to them with a paper in his hand, and caught Gabby by the coat.

"Ere, you blarsted black bugger, you 'ave swindled me," said he.

"Me, who—how?" asked Gabby.

"Didn't I just buy a blarsted newspaper hof you just now, hand didn't you tell me there was an account of a frightful railroad haxident hin it, with two 'undred lives lost?"

"Wal, what if I did?"

"Why, hit's a blarsted swindle; there wasn't but ten lives lost."

"Bejabers, but that's a pity."

"Hit's a blarsted swindle, hi say."

"So it is, an' how bad the other hundred and ninety passengers wud feel if they only knew yer disappointment," said Mike.

"But hi say hit's a blarsted swindle, hand hi won't stand hit," and quite a crowd had gathered by this time.

"Begorra, but ye will stand 'hit' or lay down ter it, if ye don't lave go me brother's coat," said Mike, checking up to the man.

"You blarsted little bugger!" exclaimed the cockney, and the crowd laughed at the idea of Mike and Gabby being brothers.

"Drop on yourself," said one of the crowd.

"Stand on your head," said another.

"Take a tumble for a cent."

"I want my cent back again," said the Englishman, and the crowd jeered loudly.

"Pass around a hat an' make it up to him," suggested one of the larger boys.

"Yes, pass around the hat," said another, jumping up and knocking the man's hat into the crowd.

"Jump it!"

"Shoot it!"

"Mash it!" and a dozen other shouts instantly followed.

The discomfited Englishman at once let go of Gabby and started in pursuit of his cady, but it was out of sight in no time and the boys were all out of reach, jeering and yelling heartily.

Such a crazy man as that was could not be found in all New York.

He ran first in one direction and then in another, but all to no purpose; not a sight could he get of his shiny plug.

Then he yelled for the police, and one of them put in an appearance, just as the unfortunate victim tumbled over an old woman's apple-stand.

"Here; what's the matter with you?" said the officer, jerking him to his feet by the collar of his coat, which gave way with a long rip.

"'Old on, blarst your hies, you've torn my coat."

"Well, you're on something of a 'tear' yourself, arn't you?"

"Why, bugger my bleedin' hies, I 'aven't 'ad a drop to-day."

"Well, what is the matter with you, then?"

"Some of the blarsted scallawags 'ave stolen my 'at."

"Who stole your hat?"

"Ang me hif hi know, but hi was expostulating with one of the coves for swindling me hout hof a penny for a paper, hand some of them knocked hit away from my 'ead, hand that's the last hi saw hof hit."

"Well, you had better get away from them, or they will knock your green head off next."

"My 'ead! why, what sort of a blooming country his this 'ere, anyhow?" he asked, in great astonishment.

"Oh, it's a good enough country, only it is very evident that you don't know the New York newsboys, or you wouldn't get into any muss with them. Clear out, you young rapsallions, or I'll club you of your breeches. Now, move on," said he, addressing the victim.

"But where's my 'at?"

"Go buy another one, and see if it won't learn you to not quarrel with a newsboy again for a penny."

"Three cheers for der cop!" cried someone; and they were given with a will.

The officer shook his club at them.

"But where's the justice?"

"You'll find one down at the Tombs;" and he walked away amid roars of laughter at the Englishman's expense.

"Well, hif this here arn't the most blarsted bleeding country that ever I struck in my life," he muttered, as he turned to go.

A crowd of mock sympathizers gathered around him, and they asked him to tell his troubles all over again, and while he was doing so some one stole his watch.

This was the blow that finished him, and without loss of time he darted for his hotel.

"Blarst my blooming 'ead, they'll knock me silly hif I don't get away," he growled.

So much for a cent's worth of meanness.

Mike and Gabby had a good laugh over the affair, and sauntered over into City Hall Park.

A crowd of boys followed them, for the quaintness of their dress, and the uncommon sight of a black and white boy going together as pals, created quite a little sensation, and they somehow got it into their heads that they were some kind of performers.

Here they found one or two fellows who knew them, and in a short time every gamin in the Park hailed them as the Mulcahey Twins.

The boys had lots of fun out of it, and so did the twins, for they were free and easy, and in for anything that came along.

Finally they went through with Harrigan and Hart's great song and act of the *Mulcahey Twins*, doing it very creditably, and provoking cheers of applause, after which Gabby passed around his cap and gathered quite a number of pennies from those who stood around so admiringly.

"Business am business, Mike," said he, as they started for a coffee and cake shop.

"Yes, begorra, an' it's fat I calls mixed business," said Mike.

"How dat?"

"Faith, it's black an' white, an' that's fat I calls mixed as ter color."

"All right, so long as it pays."

They entered a coffee and cake cellar near French's Hotel, and Gabby ordered for two.

"I say, Mike, do yer think yer got blarney 'nough fo' ter charm de checks out ob de boss?"

"Faith, I don't know. Maybe as how he'd charum a cop down on us."

"He'd scoop us in wid full bellies anyhow."

"Better wait, Gabby, till we'd be dead broke an' hungry. Faith, I feel too gud-natured now ter be afther tryin' it."

"All right, Mike," said the black hair of the "twins," and together they went for the coffee and cakes which the waiter had placed before them.

After satisfying their appetites they sauntered out upon the street again in quest of adventure, and without meeting anything of more than passing importance they mosed along until after dark, when they found themselves down on Greenwich Street.

"Where'll we slape ther night?" suddenly asked Mike, remembering that neither of them had any particular home.

"Golly! lots ob room out hea on de Battery," said Gabby, with a broad grin.

"Faith, I'd sooner try a coal box."

"Why so?"

"Sure I've tried ter get a quiet night's slape there three or four times, an' I'd no sooner get inter a nice snooze, dramin' of ould Ireland, than long would come an officer an welt me over the head or my heels, an' tell me ter waltz off on me ear."

Gabby laughed heartily.

"Fat koind of a counthry is this ony way? Faith, I was told that it was the land of fradom, but fat koind of fradom is it when a cove can't slape where he loikes?"

"Dey is 'fraid you catch cold, Mike."

"Sure, I'd much rather catch cold than ter catch a batin' from them bloody cops," said Mike.

"How much money we got?" asked Gabby, counting his little fortune. "Gosh! we haven't got a 'case' ter sabe us."

"Well, don't ye know of a dacint wharf or empty box somewhere?"

"No, but I knows a cheap lodging-house down here a few blocks where we can get a bunk fo' two shillings apiece. Come 'long; no outside bunk fo' dis chile when I hab a cent."

"But how about some grub in der mornin'?"

"Oh, we go fishin' fo' dat. Come 'long!" and they started for the cheap lodging-house.

The rookery kept by "Sleepy Jake," at the lower end of Greenwich Street, might well be called a cheap lodging-house, for anything so low, dark and dirty could never be any other than cheap, although it might also be called dear for a clean person who might be unfortunate enough to get into it.

Jake was a Dutchman, fat, dirty, and stingy; a fellow who cared for nothing but his pipe and lager.

His lodging-house consisted of one large room with about a dozen differently priced beds in it, all the way from six cents to six shillings per night. The six shilling one was a half way respectable affair, while the six cent one consisted of a piano box half filled with saw-dust, in which the lodger was expected to burrow and dream of blankets and feathers.

And the class of customers that favored him with their patronage were in exact keeping with his "hotel," being tramps, beggars, organ-grinders and their monkeys, and poor devils who were not particular so long as they got under a roof.

Jake was seated in the hallway leading to his hotel, waiting for customers when our friends, the Mulcahey Twins, came up the dimly-lighted stairway.

"Hello, Jake," said Gabby.

"Brigates all der vile, Gabby. How you vas?"

"Oh, bully. How's biz?"

"Val, I hafe seen him efer so much bedder, ash it vas now, but still I can't gomplain. Who vas dos odder chap?" he asked, pointing to Mike.

"Dat am my long-lost twin brudder," said Gabby, with a flourish.

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! hee! Oh, dot is so goot as never vas in my life!" laughed the Dutchman, shutting his eyes and shaking his fat paunch.

"Fact."

"Oh, mine jimminy! Your prudder? Val, den, py dunder, he hash dumbled inter a vite-vash pucket, so sure as my name is Jakey Von Ticklebottom, Val dot ish goot."

"My brother Mike, Mr. Ticklebottom," said Gabby, presenting him.

"Faith, sur, I'm delighted at sain' ye," said Mike, in a strong Irish brogue, whereat Jake roared and laughed louder than before.

"Vell, mine Got, if dat brudder of yours hasn't caught dot Irish fever on his tongue."

"Sure, I was put out to an Irish wet nurse an' tuck in der brogue wid me milk."

"Oh, mine jimminy, but dot ish goot. Val, vat you vants of mine hotel, Gabby?"

"Want ter stay here all night."

"Vat brice you pays me?"

"Two twenty-five centers."

"Dos vas all right. Come down mit yourn sdamps, and I show you a' nice bed as you can find in dot Fidf Afenue Hotel."

"Won't you hang it up, Jake?" asked Gabby.

"Vas is dot? I 'angs me up nodings. Guick sales und small broffids is my motto."

"You see we are expecting a fortune."

"Val, so po I, but I make id oud of chused such chaps as you are. Come down."

"Come down or go down, eh?"

"Dot vas vot der sickness is mit mine Hannah," said he, holding out his hand.

"Have ye bugs in yer twenty-five cint beds?" asked Mike, seriously.

"Mine Got! do you insuld me in mine own hodel?" he demanded.

"Well, sure, I didn't mane that exactly, but yer see I've been so used ter slapin wid 'em that I'm afeard I'd fale lonesome loike if I got inter a bed widout em."

"Val, mine friendt, you shall find dot bed chust vat you wants id," said Jake, leaving Mike to guess whether there were bugs in it or not.

After some further parley, they paid the money and were shown to their beds, which proved to be only narrow, dirty mattresses placed upon the floor, with little or no covering; but as it was yet quite warm, they did not mind this much.

About a dozen lodgers had preceded them, and a queer lot they proved to be, for by the dull glare of a dirty kerosene lamp, that stood on a shelf against the wall, they could see them quite as well as the stomach would stand.

On the right lay an organ-grinder asleep, while his monkey was also asleep on top of his instrument; and in the next bunk lay an old fellow and a dog, each asleep. A Chinaman and a ragpicker occupied the bunk just beyond, while the sawdust beds were filled with bummers of various grades.

The moment Mike caught sight of the group he resolved on having some fun, and he and Gabby put their heads together to see how they should bring it about. Every lodger was fast asleep, early as it was, for they were evidently tired and not inclined to make light of such a luxury as a bed by laying awake in it.

Gabby had a fish-line in his pocket, and the first thing they did was to fasten one end of it to the Chinaman's pigtail, after which they made a slip-noose near the middle of it and carefully slipped it over the monkey's tail, after which they tied the other end to the dog's tail, and the whole line of mischief was afoot.

When all was ready they lay quietly down and made preparations for appearing asleep and innocent when the fun commenced.

Gabby's bunk was nearest to that of the Chinaman, and taking a pin he reached carefully over and pricked him with it smartly.

"Whoop!" he yelled, springing up. "Muchee dam, dam, dam!" and in getting up he drew the line tight enough to close the

noose around the monkey's tail, pulling him from the organ, while he in turn pulled the dog out of a quiet sleep by the tail, and such a swearing in broken Chinese, screaming by the monkey, and barking by the dog, together with a yelling by everybody, was never heard before.

Jake woke up, and rushed into the room to see if the devil had really broken loose, and he instantly concluded that he had. The Chinaman was holding on to his pigtail, and yelling, "Stoppe! stoppee! damee! damee!" while the monkey and the dog were dragging each other around, and mixing everybody up in the trouble.

CHAPTER III.

THE reader will remember the rumpus which Mike and Gabby, the Mulcahey Twins, kicked up in Sleepy Jake's cheap lodging-house on Greenwich Street, by tying a Chinaman's pigtail, a monkey's and a dog's tail together, and then starting them a going.

When Jake first came into the room, he was utterly confounded and could not make it out at all, for the monkey was screaming, the dog was ki-yi-ing, the Chinaman swearing and dancing around as the two animals dragged him, and everybody only making matters worse.

"Holdt on, by jimminy! Vos is dos?" yelled Jake. "Vare is dos meaning about dose hell peing raised in my house?"

Mike and Gabby were acting the parts of innocent victims, first rate.

"Py cot, I chusd shoold somepody mit dot glub if you don't stop. Kill dot monkey," he added, noticing that the poor animal was making the most frantic efforts to get his tail out of the strong noose, and yet, only drawing it the tighter. "Vy don't you put some heads on dot dog over dare?"

"Why not kill the Chinaman?" asked Mike.

"Shood dot monkey!" again yelled Jake.

"You me shootie," growled the Italian organ-grinder, while endeavoring to catch and liberate his demoralized companion.

"Here, Gobble, here Gobble, come here," called the owner of the cavorting dog. "What's the matter wid yer? Lay down."

"Whatee mat wiz me? Wee! wee!" yelled the Chinaman, who had in the meantime got tumbled over on top of some of the other lodgers on the floor which made matters much worse, and insured him many a good whack.

"Stop dose foolishness mit yourselves, by jiminatti Christmas, or I go get myself arrested by der bolice for some disorderly house."

Just then the terrified monkey escaped and leaped upon Jake's shoulder for a place of refuge.

"Oh! ah! Gid out!" he yelled; and in attempting to get rid of him, he came in contact with the organ-grinder and at it they went, fighting like two terriers."

Meanwhile the owner of the dog had managed to find out what the trouble was, and with his knife cut the string that had made so much difficulty, after which he cut the string between the Chinaman and the monkey.

Jake was not long in getting the best of the Italian, although it was a hard fight.

"Wattee the mattee?" asked the Chinaman.

"Sure, there's a mix up of bastes here, I'm after thinkin'," said Mike.

"Got in himmel! vot vos dos?" again demanded Jake, as soon as he could get his breath. "Vare is dot fellow dot stard all dese tam rumpus togedder already?"

"Twas the two bastes," said Mike.

"An' old Pig Tail," added Gabby.

"Py donder und blixen, I go me for a policeman out, und I see me if such dings vos dos."

"Muchee," chimed the Chinaman, who was rubbing his smarting head.

"Jake, ther trouble is, somebody tied the tails of my dorg and that man's monkey together," said the owner of the dog.

"Sure, the Chinaman's tail was mixed in it," suggested Mike.

"Makes big dam!" was all the English that

the organ-grinder could use to express his feelings, although he made the smoke rise by his swearing in Italian.

"An' is this what ye calls a dacint lowging-house?" demanded Mike, with a great show of indignation.

"Vat I do? who makes dot drick mit dose tog und monkey?"

"How shud I know? give me my money back an' I'll get out of it, an' foind a dacint place for me change."

"Oh, dos is all right, it vos ondy an occident und der vill be no more droubles, go mit yourselves!" he yelled to the wrangling lodgers; "und if ye prings dot monkey here some more I chaw me ter stuffins all out mit him, pudy quick, you bet your pottom den-cent sdamp."

The organ-grinder ground his Italian organ of speech in reply, but whether it was telling Jake to go to blazes, or muttering a prayer for his especial good, he did not know.

As for the poor Chinaman, he had to do his swearing in the tea-chest language, but he knew enough of the Melican man's talk to say: "cusse! damme," and with this consolation he nestled down into his box of sawdust (the cheapest bed that Jake had to let), and muttered himself to sleep.

"Well, then, Sam, as ye are a friend of my brother Gabby here, I'll try it onct more. But if I hear any more nonsense, I'll spake me moind with me two fists, so I will."

"I'll take a piece ob dat, Mike," said Gabby.

"Val, das is all right, I bunch me in ter heat somedings myself pudy quick of I hear some more of dem plazes mit monkeys and togs, und tyflish fools, you pet," said Jake, going from the room.

"Bejabers, but that was the best divilment I ever seen in me loife," whispered Mike, as soon as Jake was out of hearing.

"Nuf for to make a dog-house laugh," said Gabby.

The man with the dog had by this time fallen asleep again, but the Chinaman, the organ-grinder and his monkey were still muttering, and their companions in misery were growling because they could not get to sleep.

Mike and Gabby were too full of mischief to sleep, and so they lay there concocting in whispers what they should do next.

"Where's ould Pig Tail?" asked Mike.

"Hea' dat snore?"

"Yes."

"Well, dat am Pig Tail. He hab forgot all 'bout de muss," said Gabby.

"Can you reach him?"

"Yas. Why?"

"Do ye moind this stick?" he asked, handing a short stick to his sable companion.

"Yas. What ob it?"

"Feel the end of it."

Gabby did so and found a pin fixed to it.

"Whar you get dat?"

"Do yer moind the boy we saw foolin' wid der dog this night as we came along?"

"Yas. What ob it?"

"Ye know I told him I was a policeman, an' tuck it from him. Well, just you take it and feel for der broken Chinees."

"All right," and Gabby reached cautiously over and thrust the pin into the back of the snoring Chinaman.

He gave such a start and whirled over so suddenly that he scattered the sawdust all over those who slept near him.

"Muchee bed buggee!" he cried.

"Will ye howld yer gab, ye hathin Chinees?" said Mike, rising up indignantly.

"Bedee buggee," whined the Celestial, rubbing himself.

"Be aisy, or ye'll have the whole hotel up in arums again."

"Bitee likee dam."

"Will ye be aisy?"

The Chinaman rubbed himself a while, and then nestled down into his sawdust again.

Gabby waited until his snore began to rattle once more, and then he jabbed the pin into him again, causing him to jump and kick worse than before.

"Oh, muchee! Bitee!" he howled.

"Are ye there again?" called Mike.

"Yesee! Oh, cussee!"

"Faith, if ye don't howld yer gab we'll run yer pig-tail down yer throat an' make ye think yer run over wid a pair ob mules.

"Better crawl inter dat sawdust, ole tea-chest," suggested Gabby.

"Muchee Melican bitee bugee," said he, and then proceeded to further express himself in the tea-chest language.

"Have ye the night-hog?"

"Damee bitee!" he growled, once more rubbing himself into his bed of sawdust.

"Sure, I'd rather be eaten up wid bedbugs then have yer blarney. Go ter slape, or we'll murder ye."

In five minutes more the Chinaman had forgotten his troubles, and was once more in the arms of sleep.

Again did Gabby touch him up with his pin-pointed stick.

"Ough! Muchee, more damee!" he cried rolling over and rubbing himself.

"Dry up!" yelled several.

"Damee, bug bedee!" growled the Chinaman.

"Will ye howld yer gab?" asked Mike, and in a minute nearly every person in the room was up in end, and howling at him.

Sleepy Jake, the landlord, heard the racket, and came in to see what it was all about.

"Vas dose vas some more dimes I guess?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Der Chinaman," said several.

"I think he has ther nightmare," said Mk.

"Got der jim-jams, I guess," suggested Gabby.

"Vos vas dose matter mit you all der dime? Got der pelly ache in'd your leg?" asked Jake, turning to the persecuted Chinaman.

"Damee bedbuggee; muchee bitee," said he.

"Vot is dot you say, by chiminy! I chust pull you py ter dog-tail, and chuck you der streed inter so quick as vill make your head go in swimming. I keeps a respectable house, und I vill not allow von heatin Chinees ter fun joke me about dose bedbugs vot I hafe not got so near as von mile und a quarter from dis place."

"Bully for you!" shouted Mike.

"Bitee likee dam," persisted the Chinaman, apparently not understanding the landlord's wrath.

"Go ter ped mit yourself den, und if I hear some more dings 'bout dot respectability of mine house, I chuck you out."

After considerable fuss, the Chinaman finally nestled down into his box of sawdust again, and quiet was restored once more.

But it did not last long, for Gabby was on the alert, and was soon touching him up again with his needle.

This time, however, one of the lodgers, who suspected the "twins," kept his eyes open and saw what Gabby was doing, and without hesitation he denounced it.

This brought everybody up in end once more, and a nice row was the result, during which the Chinaman set upon Gabby and gave him a pretty good drubbing.

Mike was powerless to assist his friend, since the man who had exposed the racket attempted to do as much for him.

Jake came in and took a hand in the fun, all the while yelling loudly against the beautiful row that was going on.

But presently he got a clout in the gob, and went out in search of a policeman.

When the officer arrived the fight was all over, and he was puzzled what to do.

"Who shall I arrest?" he asked.

"Orest efry mudder's son of dem peopies," said Jake, indignantly.

"But what for?"

"For making von tarn dance-house of mine hotel," said he, dancing wildly about and wiping his bleeding nose on his coat sleeve.

"I can't do that, I see no disturbance."

"Mine Cot! Dot vas pecause you vas not here. Dake dem all in."

"I object," said an old man, sitting up in his bed.

"Well, how is it anyway?" asked the officer, going towards him.

"The whole trouble has been made by those two boys, the black and white one," said he.

"It's a murtherin lie," retorted Mike.

"Neber know'd nuffin 'bout it 'till I war jumped on by dat pig tail dar," said Gabby.

"Muchee big mandrin, I telle no lie," said the Chinaman, coming forward.

"I guess it would puzzle you to tell a lie in English," said the officer, laughing.

"I sleepee in dere muchee nice. Feelee bitee on legee an hamee. Thinkee was bugee; no, was damee nigger wid stickee pin."

"That's so, officer. Those young rapsca-lions have been raising the very devil ever since they came in here," said another.

"Howly mother; is there no aise for a pair of motherless twin orphans?" moaned Mike.

"Py tam, I dinks so too," said Jake, "for I

"Makee me takee up?"

"Yes, you must come along and make a complaint against these young fellows."

The agony of that poor perplexed Chinaman was almost more than he could bear, for he only understood that he was to be arrested, and he pleaded piteously to be left alone, even going so far as to take back all that he had said against the twins.

But it was all to no no purpose, and so the officer marched them on towards the twenty-seventh precinct station-house.

The Chinaman went reluctantly but yet peaceably; but Mike and Gabby were inclined to make trouble, and at length the officer took each of them by the ear, and led them along.

"I say, Mr. Hossifer, dat am my ear you hab got a hold on," said Gabby, twisting and squirming violently.

"Well, officer, what is the trouble?" asked the sergeant.

"Two young fellows for assaulting this Chinaman, and kicking up a row in Sleepy Jake's lodging crib."

"Divil a 'sault an' divel a row, yer honor," put in Mike.

"Nebber done jus' nuffin' 'tall, boss," added Gabby.

"Well, how is it anyway? What is your name?"

Each gave his name, age, etc., after which the sergeant turned to the sorrowing Chinaman.

"What is your name?"

"My name?"

Yes, what is it?"

"Yang Whang Bang. Me selle cigar at ferry," said he.

"Well, what was the trouble between you and these young fellows?"



"I say, Mr. Hossifer, dat am my ear you hab got a hold on" said Gabby, twisting and squirming violently.

knows dot Gabby as hafe so much tuyfles in him; run dem in."

"Yes, take 'em in," said several voices.

"Take them out at all events," said others.

"Dress yourselves, young fellows," said the officer, turning to Mike and Gabby.

"Sure, it's all a misapprehension, offier," said Mike.

"Nibber done nuffin 'tal," said Gabby.

"All right, I'll change beds for you I guess."

"How so?"

"How dat?"

"Well, I'll take you to the station-house, and let you finish your night's rest there."

The growls that the twins sent up were entirely smothered by the approving response of the other lodgers.

They slowly and sullenly began to dress themselves.

"Mine Cot, vat a disgrace to mine house. If you efer come here some more to mine house, I preak yourn head mit a dunder jug," said Jake.

"Come, Mr. Chinaman, you must come along, too," said the officer.

"An' sure, you're mine in yer nippers as well, said Mike.

"All right. So long as I keep a good hold on your souse, I guess you won't attempt to run away," replied the officer.

"Druver you'd took me by de wool," said Gabby.

"An' faith, you may put yer finger in me mouth an' let me hould on by that if ye'll only lave go me ear," said Mike.

"Oh, you are both of you very accomodat-ing, but I guess I'll let well enough alone."

"But begorra, it isn't well enough, an' won't bewell enough ter hear wid for a month if ye don't stop pullin' it."

"Wal, boss, mine's well 'nough, if yer wants ter let well 'nough alone. I—I only wish yer would."

"Stop your chin and come along."

There was no help for it, for the officer was a big stout man, and had they objected, he could have lifted them both up by the ears and carried them along.

Arriving at the station-house they were all marched up in front of the sergeant's desk.

"Muchee no. Buggee bitee like helle."

"That's all their trouble, yer honor. Ther bugs down there were atin der poor fellow alive an' he got mad an' began batin' us."

"Did these young fellows assault you?"

"Me saltee no."

"But did they assault you?"

"No, no; no saltee."

"How is that officer?"

"Well, several of the lodgers said so, and Jake ordered me to arrest them."

"But I see nothing to hold them for. You saw no trouble?"

"I did not."

"Well, then I shall let them go, and if Jake wishes to follow it up he must produce witnesses and get a warrant for their arrest. You can go," he added, turning to them.

"Thank yer honor," said they both. "But are we ter be cheated out of the bed we hired of him."

"No, go back and tell him to take you all in again. But mind that you don't cut up any more of you rackets."

"Sure, yer honor, we're as innocent as such."

in' pigs, so we are. An' it's thankin' ye we are for lavin' us go back, for sure it would be a murtherin' shame, so it wud, ter chate us poor boys out of their supper entirely."

The sergeant laughed as he waved them away, and once out upon the street they again started for Sleepy Jake's lodging-house, delighted with the turn affairs had taken, and becoming good friends with the Chinaman, whose timidity had got them out of a bad scrape.

But the most surprised one of them all was Jake, who had fallen asleep in his chair at the head of the stairs, thinking that nothing further would happen that night.

"Got in himmel!" he exclaimed, as they roused him from his sleep. "Vat vos dot?"

"Den't you see?"

"How you got away from dose bolicemen?"

"De sergeant luf us go."

"Den he vas a shackass. But you comes no more mine house into, I bade you dot last botom tollar, already."

"De sergeant tole us fo' ter come right back an' go ter bed, an' if you make a muss he come right down an' pull yer ole house," said Gabby.

"Py chingoés! Vas dot so?" whispered Jake, with his eyes and mouth wide open.

"You better b'lieve it, boss, an' he say you must gib us de best in de house, too."

"Oh, mine crackey."

"If yer don't he'll pull yer house."

"Oh, mine chimminy!" he groaned.

"Bes' bed in de house an' a square meal in de mornin'."

"Oh, mine Cot in himmel! Vy shculd I be ruined for all dot tam foolishness."

"Der yer call it foolishness, sure, to pull a man out of his bed at midnight and drag him off to the callibose? Faith, its high damages we moight get of ye by the law."

"Oh, mine Jaspeter! Val, come right in, I suppose I must stand id, even if it ruins me and trives my pizness to der dogs."

"Faith, I think it wud be as rough on the dogs as it is on yer customers."

"Vall, das is all right," he growled, as he showed all three of them to better beds than they had hired, to say nothing of the hope he had of their coming back at all.

"Faith, this is better," said Mike.

"Bully for you, Jake," said Gabby.

"Val, py tam, I vants to speak some dings mit you."

"Free yer mind, ole man."

"Of I hear some more of dot foolishness here ter night, py tam, I chust smash mine fist all ter pieces. I kick der stuffin' all out of some chap wid it. Now a word to der vise is sufficient," said he, going from the room.

But he had no occasion to warn them, for the fun was all played out anyway, and so they resolved not to run any further risks, but to go to sleep and do what they could in that way to get their money's worth.

The next morning they were the last ones up, and following out the racket they had with the landlord on the night before, they insisted upon having a good breakfast at his expense, and which he finally gave with a very poor grace.

After getting square with Jake, they walked out upon the Battery to have a good laugh, and to be ready for anything else that might happen.

"We mus' go make some mo'money, Mike," said Gabby, pulling at a cheap cigar.

"I wonder has there been another accident? Sure one ivery day loike it wud be der makin' of us."

"Le's go down to Coney Island," said Gabby suddenly.

"Where's Coney Island?"

"Down ther bay 'bout ten miles."

"An' will we swim it?"

"Yes, swim on a steamboat."

"Are steamboats that cheap in America?"

"Come 'long dar, le's go down to de dock."

"Sure, I'll go anywhere ye say."

"All right, maybe we'll have some fun;

if we can only work on board widout bein' seen."

"It'll cost nothin' ter try;" and away they went for the landing of the Coney Island steamer, happy-go-lucky, and ready for anything that might turn up.

CHAPTER IV.

It will be remembered that our one black and one white friend, Gabby Grimes and Mike Mulcahey, the "Mulcahey Twins," set out for an adventure in the direction of Coney Island, some ten miles down the harbor of New York.

They reached the wharf about ten minutes before the steamboat arrived, and had ample time for concocting a plan to beat a passage down.

The wharf was covered with people who were going to take the boat, for Coney Island is one of the most popular resorts for miles around, everything being cheap and democratic there.

"I say, Gab, fat's ther tax?" asked Mike, as they reached the wharf.

"What poo' debels like us get fo' ter do wid taxes?" growled Gabby.

"Sure, but ther stameboat has, though."

"Oh, you means de fare."

"Well, laith, ye understand me fair now."

"Fifteen cents; twenty-five fo' to go an' come."

"Bedad, but that's chape."

"Guess we feel cheap 'nough if dey cotch us widout payin' it," replied Gabby.

"An' will ye give it up?"

"Gub it up! Did yo' eber know dis yer chile ter weaken on anything?"

"No, begorra, if it was grub or sleepin' ye war afther. But how will we work it?"

Gabby scratched his woolly head and walked down to the end of the dock.

Glancing around, he espied two tall spiles forming one end of the wharf, and extending upwards about ten feet.

A bright idea flashed upon the India-rubber genius.

"I say, Mike, can you shin?"

"Fat the divil's that onyhaw? Sure, I used ter play "shinny" at home in the ould country. Is it that ye mane?"

"No; go 'long wid you nonsense! Shinning is climbing. Now, if we can shin up on o top ob dem yer spiles afo' der steamboat come, we can jump right on top ob de upper deck and p'raps nobody will see us. Leastways, dey can't put us off when we get on."

"Begob, it's a go!" exclaimed Mike, darting for one of the spiles.

"By gosh, de boat am right heah!" said Gabby, going for the other one.

In a moment each was seated on the top of his post, while the eager passengers crowded closer down to be the first on board when the boat landed. Hardly any notice was taken of our twins as each passenger was on the lookout for himself, and as such young fellows are always known to be up to pranks of that kind.

"Can you step on deck from this?" asked Mike, somewhat in doubt.

"Cours, we can; jump right on top ob de hurricane deck."

"On der top! Sure ye didn't suppose I thought we were agoin' ter lep on the underside of it, did ye?" he asked, laughing.

"Heah comes de boat. Now, keep cool."

"Sure, if I lep inter der water I'll be cool."

"No danger ob dat. Heah she am. See; we can almos' step on board," said Gabby. "Dar, dat am de hurricane deck," he added, pointing to it.

"Well, begob, I wish it would hurry along, for it's uneasy settin' on the top of this ould post."

The ropes were thrown out and made fast, and in a few moments the eager passengers were crowding past the ticket-taker and down the gang-plank on board the steamboat.

Gabby watched until the crowd became thick and all eyes turned to it, when he leaped

lightly upon the hurricane deck, which was four feet distant.

"Come on, yer bog-trotter!" he cried, to Mike.

"Begorra, an' it's not bogs I'm trottin' now, then," grunted Mike, trying to get upon his feet.

"Carful, dar, or you'll get a free bath."

"No, begob. But I'll get a free ride if I can," said he, leaping upon the deck in safety.

"Bully!"

"Only supposin' some der officers have seen us, an' shud make us jump back again. Och, sure I know I'd break me neck an' get drowned besides, and then me usefullness is gone."

"Hush! come around heah," said Gabby, leading the way cautiously to the other side.

It will be understood that the hurricane deck is the upper deck of all, and is never made use of by the passengers. It simply acts as a shelter for them, and is used only by the officers and the men who oil and clean the engine.

"Be ther powers, but they'll sink the boat," said Mike, seeing the crowd surging on board.

"Wal, by golly, if they don't fill up de boat it will 'sink' de owner," replied Gabby, laughing.

"Ye have strange manins, onyway," said Mike, who had not yet learned all the slang words there were afloat in America.

But his companion explained the word to him, and he was quick to see the point.

"An' is this where they have the hurricanes?" he asked, after glancing about the deck.

"Heah am whar dey come ter enjoy 'em."

"But I say, Gab, did ye think of one thing?"

"Wha' dat?"

"How the blazes are we goin ter get out of this place?"

"By this time the boat had left her moorings, and was steaming away towards the lower bay.

Gabby looked carefully around, and then scratched his head in a puzzled way, as he always did when things looked a little dubious to him.

"Sure, I see but the one way, an' that's through the pilot-house."

Gabby walked around the deck several times and took in the situation.

In fact there was no way of getting down to the deck below save by going through the wheel-house, for on account of the disposition always manifested by Coney Island passengers to go everywhere about a boat, precautions had been taken to prevent anyone from reaching the upper deck without the aid of the ladder, which was locked up down below, and through the engine-room and down the machinery way, something that could not be done without the consent of the officers.

"Can we do it?" asked Mike, at length.

"Oh, dat's all right, we can cum possum ober de wheelman, I guess, all right," replied Gabby, not very confidently.

"But if he seen us stale aboard?"

"We didn't steal no board."

"Well, all right; they can't do no more'n chuck us ashore when we get there."

"Dat's so, an' den we'll hab bushels ob fun, you bet; I been dar often, an' maybe we get a job dar."

With this hope they contented themselves, and began to look around them, and to admire the many beautiful scenes, while Gabby pointed out the forts and other objects of interest.

Begorra but the loikes of this is worth salin'!" mused Mike.

Gabby glanced uneasily at the wheel-house.

A band of music below them was making things agreeable, and several sets were dancing. This gave Mike much uneasiness, for of all things in the way of pleasure he loved music and dancing the best. But there was no help for it, and he was obliged to listen without being able to see or take any part in the fun.

An hour's ride brought them to the long, low strip of land, known as Coney Island, a spot that hasn't a spear of vegetation to speak

of, but a great resort for bathers and pleasure-seekers and small adventurers. There are lots of bathing-houses and cheap shanties, and a few middle-class hotels.

The landing was made and the passengers began to crowd ashore as eagerly as they had crowded on board, each trying to be fastest and first.

Mike and Gabby looked anxiously over the side and longed to be with the off-going crowd.

"Say, wud the pilot lave us down?" said Mike.

"By gosh, I seen him look at us kinder quar, two, free times," muttered the darky, "but I try."

The windows were down in the pilot-house and Gabby approached the wheelman, who sat there resting from his work.

"I say, boss, how we get down?"

"How did you get up here?" asked the man, turning savagely upon him.

This was a puzzler, and Gabby scratched his bewildered mug.

"Go down the same way you came up."

"By gosh, boss, dat am too hot."

"Too hot? What do you mean?" asked the pilot, in surprise.

"Wal, you see, boss, we war down in de fire-room, an' we got into a row wid de firemen, an' dey jus took un heave us right into de fire under de boilers, un de draft took us right up de smoke stack an' we drop on de deck," said Gabby, with a sober face.

That pilot got up and took a good long look at him without saying a word, but from his looks it was evident that he was never more astonished in his life.

"Fac, boss," he added.

"Well, by the great horn spoon! you are the boss liar: What a pity you are black.

"Cos why, boss?"

"You would have been a member of Congress in less than ten years by the clock. I say, young fellow," said he, addressing Mike, "can you lie, too?"

"Faith, I think I cud if wan wouldn't serve," replied Mike, modestly.

"Well, I guess you could. You are a nice pair."

"Sure, sur, we're orphan twins."

"Oh, and *this* one got smoked and his hair curled, while going through the furnace and up the smoke stack?"

"Dat am what spoiled my complexion, boss," put in Gabby.

"Well, I guess so. You are a nice pair of coves, you are, arn't you? I saw you steal on board without paying your fares."

"Och! howly Moses! wud ye loike ter have us take our oaths that we did not?"

"No, I saw you myself, and now you must come down with thirty cents, or you don't go down yourselves," said the pilot, resolutely.

"Chatterin' magpies! do ye hear that, Gabby?" said Mike, turning away.

"Oh, I say, boss, you wouldn't be hard on a pair of orphans, would ye?"

"Off ones, I guess, more likely, what I told you I shall stick to."

"Luf us go 'shore, and we dig you forty bushels ob clams," pleaded Gabby.

"Come down with thirty cents or back you go to New York."

"An' dat will make it sixty! Want for ter ruin us?"

"You'll ruin yourselves if you live long enough."

"I say, now, boss, atween ourselves, honest man a sayin' it, we know whar dar am a million dollars buried down heah in de sand, an' we wur a gwine down fo' ter scoop it. Now, luf us go ashore, an we gib you a thousan' dollar fo' shuah."

The pilot could not help laughing, but he had made up his mind to punish them.

"Luf us go, boss?"

"I'll let you go away from that window, or I'll pull that wool of yours."

"Neber seen such a hard-hearted man as you be in all my life. Don't seem fo' to hab any fun in you, noways. No fun fo' a cent."

"I'll have some fun with you, if you don't clear out."

"Dat's 'zactly what we want, boss, fo' ter clear out."

"Go away from that window."

Gabby retired very crestfallen to consult with Mike, who had gone away in disgust.

"Well, begob, we have our goose cooked an' can't get it out of the oven," said he.

"By gosh, I wish he would get mad an' frow us overboard."

"Faith, I'll try him on that lay," said Mike, going to the wheel-house.

The wheelman looked up.

"Wud ye loike some fun, sir?"

"Oh, I'm having very good fun now."

"Well, if ye'd loike ter have somthin' that's illigant, just throw the two of us overboard."

"No, no, not yet; I am not done with you."

"Do you think you will be afore the boat goes back?"

"No. Go back away from the window."

"Faith, me twin brother is right when he says ye have no merriment in ye."

While this conversation was going on the boat had been pretty well filled up with returning passengers, and just as the pilot sent him away he gave the signal to the engineer, and the boat began to move away from the dock.

With sad hearts and woe-begone mugs Mike and Gabby saw that they were being taken back to New York again in spite of themselves. It was hard luck, but they concluded to make the best of it, and try some other time.

On the arrival of the boat at New York the tide had risen so high that there was no possibility of their escaping by the spiles, as they had fondly hoped there was, and besides, the boat was end for end, and the tall posts were far astern.

So, finding that they could not move the pilot, the had to go on to the upper landing, where, they felt sure, they would be permitted to go ashore.

But in this they were mistaken again.

"No, boys, I am going to give you a good ride, and take you back to the island with me," said the pilot, with a wicked grin.

"Wal, by gosh, we got our money's wuf fo' shuah dis time," said Gabby.

"That's so. But maybe the dirty black-guard won't leave us off when we get there."

"Den, by goshermighty, we take chances an' jump overboard."

But they had no occasion for this. It was nearly seven o'clock when they reached there, and the pilot, after warning them against trying to steal a sail again, allowed them to go ashore.

But they had scarcely landed before they learned that that was the last boat back to the city, and that they were—dead broke and hungry.

"Wal, who cares a rap? Let's go to the hotel."

"Yes, go for a pair of heavy swells."

"Happy-go-lucky."

"Faith, an' often unlucky."

"Neber mind; we take chances, eh, Mike?"

"Faith, we will; but I loike a sup an' a crust in mine."

"Come along, den;" and away they started up the sandy winding path towards the Pavilion Hotel, that stands near the center of the island.

On reaching the hotel they found only a few guests there, consisting of regular boarders, those who were going to stop there over night, or who were going to the upper end of the island and return home by the cars later in the evening.

Things didn't look very lively or promising, but Gabby took the lead and finally walked up near a table where three or four men sat drinking lager.

"I begs pardon, boss, but am dat Erhit's beer?" he asked politely.

"No; that's *my* beer."

"Much obliged, sah; dat war all dat I wanted fo' ter know."

The company seemed pleased and curious.

"But supposing it is Erhit's beer?" asked the man, as Gabby was about to go.

"Wal, den I should say, sah, dat you had better drink it, Erhit's too dead," replied Gabby.

"Very good for a coon," said the party.

"Am lager beer good fo' a coon?"

"Yes; will you drink it?" asked the man, handing the untouched mug to him.

"Wall, boss, I tells yer what I will do. I bets you a dollar dat I can drink dat beer standin' on my head, an' not spill a mouthful."

This offer produced a hearty laugh.

"But if you were to spill a half of your mouthful it would be about a mug full."

"Wall, I bet you dat I drinks standin' on my head, an' don't spill a spoonful."

"All right, I'll do it," said the man, taking a dollar from his pocket, and placing it upon the table in front of him. "Now go ahead."

"Ya, ya! head fust," said he, throwing his hat and coat to Mike, who stood looking on in wonder.

"I say, Gab, ye haven't any money that'd be loikely ter fall from yer pockets when ye stand on yer head, have ye?"

"Golly, guess I can catch it all in my eye—dat falls out," said he, which raised another laugh, and added to the crowd.

He took a small rubber pipe from his pocket, one end of which had a piece of metal attached to it, and which made it much heavier than the rubber. He then took the mug of lager and placed it upon the floor, after which he dropped the metal end into it, leaving about a foot of this old pipe syringe which he had found somewhere, hanging over the edge and laying upon the floor.

"Now, gemmen, dis yer circus am about fo' ter begin," said he.

The company became larger and gathered closer to see the feat. Gabby proceeded to stand on his head, and getting well balanced, he took the other end of the little hose in his mouth and began to suck like a good fellow.

In about three shakes of a lamb's ear he had drawn the beer all out of the glass and swallowed it with seeming ease.

A grand "hi ya" and a clapping of hands greeted him as he turned a handspring and came right side up with the hose in his mouth.

"Good enough, young fellow, here's your dollar," said the man, handing it to him.

"Much obliged, boss. You am de kind of gemmen dat I like to deal wid," said Gabby.

"But don't lager drank that way go to the head?"

"No, boss, because I goes head fust. Ya, ya, ya!" He laughed so loud that the whole crowd took it up and laughed as well.

"How many ways can you drink beer?"

"Wal, boss, I can drink beer standin' three different ways."

"Standing three different ways?"

"Yas, an' I'll bet I can."

"Want to bet that dollar you just won against another one, that you can drink beer standin' three different ways?"

"Yas, boss. Heah she am. Now come up."

His dollar was covered and all was ready.

"Faith, he's the greatest nagger that ever lived. Sure, he's good enough to be an Irishman," mused Mike.

"Now, boss," began Gabby, "you know I can drink beer standin' on my feet like I am now; an' you know I can drink it standin' on my head?"

"Yes, that is standing *two* ways. Now how is your third way of standing when you drink beer?"

"Standin' on ceremony, boss," said he, with a loud ya, ya! which the crowd caught up with the point of the joke and made the most of it.

"Sold, by thunder!" muttered the man.

"Do I scoop dis yer lucer?"

"Yes, the money is yours. Now you go and take a salt water bath; you are too fresh," said the bitten man.

"Guess I go an take some chowder fust, boss, good by. Come Mike, gib me my regalia."

"Begorra, Gabby, but ye are the devil," said Mike, as he helped him on with his duster.

"Oh, I guess not many full bellies! oh, no!" said he, taking Mike's arm and swaggering off in the direction of the lunch-room.

"Faith, but my poor belly has been cryin' for comfort these six hours, an' now it's spachless wid delight."

The worth of one of these dollars was eaten up in less than fifteen minutes, and two happier fellows never strutted on Coney Island.

Lighting a pair of cheap cigars they started down towards the beach on more adventures, and to get a tumble in the surf.

On the way there, however, they came upon a three-card monte man who had a little table standing upon a stake pushed into the sand, and he was vainly calling for some flat to come and pick out a certain card after it had been shown him and then turned face down.

They watched the simple but tricky game for some moments.

It seemed so simple and easy to do that they both wished they had the ten dollars that the player wanted to bet.

But it was getting along towards sunset and concluding that the business of the day was over, the gambler began to pack up.

"I go you half a dollar, boss, dat I can pick out de Jack," said Gabby.

"Bah," said the gambler.

"All de money I got, boss."

"Well, all right, I'll give you a chance to double or lose it," said the fellow, and he at once proceeded to spread three cards out upon his little table, one of which was the Jack.

He showed the cards in various ways, all of which seemed honest and simple enough, and then mixing them up slowly by changing their places, he asked Gabby if he thought he could turn up the Jack.

It was the simplest thing in the world, Gabby thought, and so did Mike, so down went the half a dollar which the gambler covered.

Then Gabby made a dive for what he thought was the Jack, when, lo! it was the two spot of clubs.

The gambler scooped the money and was away almost before he could realize what had happened.

"By gosh," exclaimed Gabby, "how dat!"

"May I be toasted if I know," mused Mike.

"Golly, thought I had hit him, shua."

"An' all the while he had us. Faith he has the best part of us now, for he has our cash. How are we ter go bathin' now I don't know?"

"Oh, neber mind, we got full belly anyhow, an' we get a swim some kind o' way, come on."

There were only a few bathers in the surf, and having no money to hire suits they sauntered down by the side of the bath houses that stood upon the beach.

They finally heard two men conversing in adjoining houses, and noted the numbers.

Then they walked back a short distance, and when the two men came out, locking the doors and leaving their wet bathing suits inside, the boys met them.

"Got the keys to No. 15 and 16?" asked Mike.

"Yes; why?"

"Boss tole us fo' ter take 'em, sah, un bring out de dresses?" said Gabby.

"Well, all right," said they, and gave up the keys.

"Oh, I guess not. How am dat fo' a chunk ob stratumgum?"

"Faith, it's worthy of the Duke of Wellington."

"Come on now, an' we'll hab a good bounce in de water afo' de boss finds out anything 'bout it."

"Would they, though!"

"Gosh, what fun we'll hab."

Yes, there was heaps of fun ahead for them.

CHAPTER V.

It will be remembered how Mike Mulcahey and Gabby Grimes, the negro and Irish boy, known as the "twins," got the keys to the

bath-houses at Coney Island, and how delighted they were at the prospect of some fun in the surf.

But the two gentlemen to whom they had lied and thus obtained the keys and dresses, told the occurrence at the office and asked if it was all right.

It produced a slight sensation.

The result was that a couple of fellows went out near the houses to watch and see where they placed the keys when they came out to go into the surf.

They found no trouble in doing this, and as soon as the boys were bouncing in the surf they took the keys, unlocked the doors, gathered up their clothes, after which they locked the doors and put the keys in the same place.

This done they took the clothing back to the office without being seen.

As for the twins, two more comical-looking coves than they were in those bathing-suits could never be found.

The dresses were of course a mile too big for them, but they got into them somehow, and then went in for fun in the breakers.

Although the crowd had gone, yet there was quite a party still in the water, and the boys at once made for the largest group, both being good swimmers, and, as usual, ready for anything.

They swam around, buffeted the breakers, and in various ways had a splendid time.

"Now look out fo' some fun," said Gabby.

"Are ye goin' to drown yerself?"

"Not much," said Gabby, swimming towards a group of half a dozen men and women, who were screaming and making believe they were having a good time; "when I yell an' go down you shout 'shark!' an' you'll see fun."

Gabby swam to within about ten feet of the party, when he uttered a terrific yell, and at once went under the water and out of sight.

"Shark! shark!" yelled Mike, and such a screaming and getting for the shore was never seen on the beach of Coney Island before.

In less than half a minute every mother's son of that company was on shore, tumbling and yelling for help, although what they wanted of help when a rod or two up on the sand was a mystery, unless they felt that it would be safer to have the arms of their beaux around them.

By this time, however, it had become so dark that scarcely anything could be seen in the water. Mike still remained in the water, and Gabby soon came to the surface, and they laughed heartily at the scare which had driven everybody out save themselves.

Meantime those who had escaped to the shore were commenting upon the probability of the victim of the shark having been swallowed, bathing dress and all.

"Isn't it terrible?" said one of the girls; "oh, I am sure I shall never bathe here again."

"And then to think what an escape we had," put in another miss, who felt safe enough now that her lover had his arm around her waist.

"Poor fellow, I wonder who he was?"

"Oh, only a negro."

"Only a negro? Why, he yelled as loud as a white man, said one of the party.

"Well, it isn't so bad after all, seeing that we got out all safe," said another.

"But only think of the loss of the bathing-dress," suggested another.

"Yes, a good bathing-suit swallowed by a ravenous shark: what a shame."

"What a discouragement to people who keep bathing-houses."

"And maybe the nigger was a likely boy."

"Possible; but only think of the bathing-dress he had on."

"Shame, shame!"

"Well, let us go and dress, the poor devil is probably out to sea by this time."

"But how can he go out to sea when he is in the shark's stomach?"

"Yes, and after dark too."

And with these conundrums and manifestations of sympathy for the poor devil whom they

supposed to be in the belly of the monster, they retired to their respective bath-houses and proceeded to get out of their wet into their dry clothing.

"Golly, isn't that a scar?" asked Gabby.

"Begore, but they went end over end until they were far up on the sand," said Mike, laughing.

"Oh, by gosh! Amn't dis de fun? An' didn't we honeybugle dem chaps out of dem keys nice?"

"May the divil run away with me if it wasn't the nastiest bit of business I ever seen. But let's go out. It's dark."

"All right, come along," said Gabby, springing upon the top of a breaker and allowing it to take him up high and dry upon the sand.

Mike was not slow to follow, although he somehow got tangled up in his ungainly bathing suit, and a big breaker stood him on his head, and after tumbling him over three or four times, filling him full of sand, seaweed and salt water, landed him on the beach doubled up like a sick lobster.

"Oh!" he yelled, straightening out and shaking the water from his ears. "Begorra, but the waves are making a circus of me. Sure I need a ship's pump ter clear me out."

"Gosh, Mike, thought you never took water!"

"Och, by St. Patrick, but the wather tuck me, an' it behaved loike a blackguard ter me."

"Dat's cos yer arn't used to water."

"Och, the bloody ould bathin's-dress did it," said he, struggling to his feet.

"All right. Les shake 'em," said Gabby, starting for the bath-houses, followed by Mike, who walked as though he had been stepped on by an elephant.

Arriving at the houses, they searched for the keys and had but little difficulty in finding them, and at once proceeded to get out of their wet and ungainly bathing-dresses.

They each began to feel around for his clothes, for it was quite dark in the houses.

"I say, Gabby," said Mike.

"Wal?"

"Do ye foind yer togs?"

"Togs—wha—no," said Gabby, feeling around in every part of his little house.

"Begorra, divil a dud of mine is here."

"Dat am quar," mused Gabby.

"Are you sure you sure we have the right house?"

"Why, ob cose. How we get in if it war de wrong ones? But it am quar fo' shua," he added.

"I wonder has anybody stole 'em?"

"By gosh, dey mus' be hard up. But the question afo' de Congress am, whar am dem duds?"

"Howly Moses, but I'm chilled ter me very marro. Fat the divil will we do, I don't know?"

Gabby opened the door of his house and took a look around.

It was dark, and there was no one moving about. Only the dull, monotonous roar of the tumbling breakers greeted his ears as they dashed upon the shore.

"Do ye sa anything?" asked Mike.

"Only de sea."

"Do ye hear anything?"

"Only de sea."

"Darned if I see it," said Mike, also coming from his house.

"Gosh, but I feel it, though," said Gabby, shivering with the cold.

"Howly mother, but think of yer twin brother as has always been reared in der lap of luxury! What'll we do?"

"Guess we hab fo' ter do widout our duds," replied Gabby despondingly.

"Was the loikes of this ever known? go an' tell der boss we have been robbed."

"All right. But we can't go naked."

"Well, we have our bathing-dresses. Let's get inter 'em an' go at onct."

"Come along," and in a few moments the two shivering wretches were again inside of

their ill-fitting suits and started for the keepers of the bath-houses.

They were on the lookout, expecting fun and knowing that their victims could not get away without their clothes.

"Are ye der boss?" asked Mike.

"Yes, why?"

"Well then, we've been robbed, sur."

"Robbed? of what?"

"Our togs, sure."

"Your what?"

"Of our clothes. We were in bathing, an' when we returned to our houses divil a stitch cud we foind."

"Where did you get your bathing-suits?" asked the man, sharply.

"Sure, we hired 'em," replied Mike.

"Who did you hire them off of?"

"The man who lets 'em, to be sure."

"No you didn't, you duffers. You met some

"Didn't we pay all our money fo' der keys to dem gemmens!"

"You paid nothing, and you will have to dance around in them duds until you pay fifty cents," said the man, turning away, resolutely.

Gabby and Mike exchanged glances.

"Great gosh! How am dis yer?"

"Sure, we're still twins."

"How we get out ob dis yer scrape?"

"Sure, I'm too cold ter tell ye."

"Say, boss, luf us hab hem duds an' we work it out fo' yer."

"Work what out?"

"Why, der fifty cents."

"You tried to work it out on der beat, but you got caught," said the man, laughing.

"Now fo' shua, boss, what we tole you am honest injun. We am a pair ob twins in bad health. Our doctors day say dat we mus'

"Goshermighty!" said Gabby, as he caught the business end of a whip on his back, and the way they did prance out of that and down upon the sandy shore was a caution to clams.

The men followed, and gave them the whip as often as they could get near enough to them.

At length they plunged into the water and so found safety for the moment.

The fellows were having a fine time at the expense of our hervos, and they kept them in the water for half an hour before they allowed them to come out, during which, some very choice words were exchanged between them.

But at length they were allowed to come out and were given their clothes, after making solemn promises never to attempt a beat like it again.



Lighting a pair of cheap cigars they started down the beach on more adventures, and to get n tumble in the surf.

gentlemen who were coming out, and told them you had been sent for the keys. We know all about it."

"Now, boss, you am mistaken," said Gabby, coming to the front. Dem gemmens say if we gib um ten cents apiece dey luf us hab de keys, an' we took um."

"You are a black liar?"

"An' wud ye believe me?" asked Mike.

"No; for you are a white liar. You are a pair of beats, do you know that?"

"Dat am a nice way fo' ter treat a man. Whar am dem duds?" demanded Gabby.

"Where is that fifty cents?"

"Wha' fo'?"

"For these bathing-dresses."

"Didn't we pay de men?"

"Not much. Come down."

"How we gwine fo' ter come down when we habn't our togs?"

"You are a pair of beats, and there isn't a tenpence between you. But you can't have your clothes until you pay the fifty cents."

"How we gwine to?"

"I give it up."

hab salt water bathing, an' we went all we had on it."

"Twins! Well, I should say so," and the other laughed heartily.

"Fac'! only Mike he was brought up different, an' dat am what make him look so much whiter."

"You are twin beats, that's what you are."

"Sure, we'll work it out for ye," put in Mike, in a doleful tone of voice.

"Are you sure?"

"Fo' de Lord, boss," said Gabby.

"Well, take off the bathing-suits."

"But won't you lave us in the houses?"

"Not any. Off with the bathing-dresses."

With some misgivings they took off the dresses and handed them to the owner, standing there themselves as naked as they were born.

"Now, then," shouted the boss, and instantly three or four men came out with whips in their hands and went for the naked twins.

"Howly Moses!" yelled Mike, as the foremost gave him a cut on the legs.

Two sicker fellows never got into clothes than were the Mulcahey Twins.

They looked at each other several times while they were dressing, but they felt too sick to talk.

"Bejabers, the hide is peeled from me," said Mike, at length.

"Got 'nough hide off me fo' ter make a pair ob shoes," growled Gabby, rubbing himself vigorously.

"Sure, it's the divil's own luck we've had ter-day."

"I should say so, by gosh. Never had such bad luck afo' in my life."

Finally they got into their clothes, and went away for consultation.

"Fat the blazes are we ter do for grub!" asked Mike.

"By goshermighty, yer got fo' ter ask me an easier conundrum dan dat yer," said Gabby, shaking his head.

"But, begorra, this business has made me as hungry as an alligator."

"Me too, pard."

"Well, how'll we get grub? Sure, there's no use of our stayin' round here, for we're spotted."

"Dat am so. Got any matches?"

"I have."

"Come 'long, den, I show you," said he, starting up the beach.

Stopping near one of the bath-houses, Gabby felt around for some time, and finally found a long sharp stick that had been used as a stake.

Taking this in his hand he walked about a dozen rods farther away and then going down by the water he began to dig for clams.

The moon had risen by this time and it was quite light, light enough at all events to enable them to pick up the clams.

Mike was delighted with the prospect, and he seized them as fast as Gabby turned them out of their beds.

All at once he jumped back with a yell of pain.

One of the clams, on being disturbed, had sent a stream of salt water into his eye, completely blinding him for the moment.

"Bad luck ter me, but everything from a steamboat to a clam is going back on us ter day. Howly Moses, how it smarts."

"Nebber mind, we get eben wid dat clam when we get him on de fiah, an' we get square on dat pilot an' dat cuss wid de bavin suits de fus' chance we get."

"Begorra, I'd go without me clams for a chance at either of the others."

"All right, dar am mo' days dan dis."

After digging about a peck of clams, they washed and took them farther up on the shore, when they gathered some drift wood, and proceeded to build a fire for the purpose of roasting them.

"Faith, but this is fit for a king," said Mike, putting the roasted bivalves under his vest.

Let's start a boardin'-house down heah, Mike," said Gabby, who was also doing his best to get even with his appetite.

"Bedad, but I think we'd better come here an' board ourselves."

"We might do it fo' sartin. We hab clams fo' breakfast, clams fo' dinner, an' den fo' supper we change de programme, an' hab some clams," said Gab.

"Arrah, if we cud only fatten 'em a bit an' make oysters of 'em, there'd be a change that'd make yer belly lep for joy."

"Well, I ken go plain clam when dar arn't nuffin better."

"So can I, only I'm divelish sorry when there's nothing better about. But where shall we slape this noight?"

"Right heah on de sand."

"Murtherin nouns! sure the misketies 'll ate us up."

"Dat's so; 'pears like dat eberrything am going fo' us down heah; eben de skeeters are tryin' fo' git de clams away from us."

"Be the jumpin' St. Anthony, but they'll have ter plow deep if they git my clams."

"Guess we can find a place fo' ter sleep up heah, somewhar," said Gabby, getting up.

"Sure how'll we foind our boardin'-house in the morning? Put up the stake in the sand."

"All right; come along," said Gabby, pushing the stake into the sand, and starting along up the shore.

About a mile and a half further along there is another lot of bath-houses, although the establishment is not nearly so extensive as the one at the landing, and to these they bent their steps, feeling somewhat better since eating their roasted clams.

On arriving at the place they found it all shut up and dark.

They tried the doors of the bath-houses and other buildings, but every door was locked.

"Let's burst 'em open," suggested Mike.

"No. Hab us 'rested fo' shua. Guess we find a place open somewhar."

They started to go to the next place, about half a mile still further on, but on reaching the end of the walk connected with the place

where they now were, they found an old bath-house tumbled over on its side with the door torn from its hinges.

"By golly, Mike heah am a hotel dat will accommodate us," exclaimed Gabby.

"Is ther landlord within?"

"No, he hab gone out fo' a drink; ya! ya! ya!"

"Faith, while he's out for wetness, we'll get in for dryings," said Mike, leaping into the box-shaped affair.

"Hole on, Mike, let's tip him ober on the side, so dat de dew won't fall on us;" and Gibby rolled it over, leaving the door upon the side facing island.

After considerable chaffing they got into it and nestled down for a night's sleep.

About midnight, the tide having risen very high in the meantime, the breakers began to dash up to and far beyond the box in which our heroes slept.

The water must have gone through and wet them, but so soundly did they sleep they never awakened at it.

Finally a large wave came tumbling in, and lifting the bath-house, it carried it inland a few feet, but on receding it carried it back towards the water nearly a rod.

"Be aisey, will ye?" growled Mike, who was partially awakened by the movement.

"Better stop buttin' me I tells yer," said Gabby, rousing to about the same condition of consciousness as Mike had.

The next instant a big wave caught up the box, and swept it out several rods upon the tumbling water.

"Whar am we, Mike?"

"Don't ye sa?"

"Gosh, I guess we're on de sea, who!" — he exclaimed, as they rode over the top of a big wave and then went down again.

"How did we get here, I don't know?"

"Guess we walk in our sleep gosh!" he cried, as their lodging-house went turning over, taking them under water and up again, and finally sweeping away inland on the crest of a thundering wave.

The motion of going in was all nice enough, but they stopped too sudden when they landed on the sand, for it not only smashed their box all to pieces, but it nearly knocked the bellies out of the two of them.

Gathering themselves up as quickly as possible so as to avoid the next wave, they hobbled inland out of harm's way.

"Wal, by goshermighty, if dis yer amn't wuss an' wuss, an' mo' ob it all de time," said Gabby, stopping to wring the water from his cap.

"Sure, Gabby, this must be an enchanted island, an' ther sooner we're away from it ther better our prospects is for not dying with our shoes on. Murtheration, was iver the loikes of this seen afore since we left the city? Och, musha, musha! Luck at me; as wet as a cat three days under water!"

"I se wetter dan you be."

"How's that?"

"'Cos I's got one mo' shirt on dan you hab," replied Gabby, laughing and guying Mike on account of not having a shirt on.

"Sure, I'm glad I left me shirt to be washed, for I'll have one thing dacint when I get back to der city. Fat the divil brought us ter ther bloody ould place onyway?"

"Steamboat," suggested Gabby, taking off his coat and trying to wring the water from it.

"Faith, I think somebody cud befriend us if they had a wringing-maching large enough ter put us both through."

The next half hour they employed in assisting each other to wring out their clothes, and after they had got through with it and hung them on a fence to dry, they once more found themselves stark naked.

"I wonder will they be dry by mornin'?" asked Mike, mournfully.

"Well, Mike, dar am one fing shua—your shirt will be dry," replied Gabby, giving him another hit about having no shirt.

"Sure, I think ye'd be jolly at a wake."

"Well, what good go fo' ter squeal? But I guess our luck'll turn now."

Yes, their luck was just about to take another turn, for, by some means or other, two large dogs, kept at the house several rods further inland, got word of something wrong, and down they came, barking loudly, and giving our friends to understand that they meant business, and that root, hog or die was the racket.

"Howly mother of Moses!" cried Mike, "the divil is loose now, for sure."

"Oh, hellerum! Run, legs, or die, back!" said Gabby, mounting one of the bath-houses with the agility of a cat.

Mike was not long in following him, and just as the dogs bounded upon the spot they were safely up out of the way.

But what was to be done? Their clothes hung on the fence, and the dogs refused to be satisfied without some shin soup, and finding that they were out of their reach, they stood around and barking invited them to come down and be chewed up beautifully.

CHAPTER VI.

It will be recollected that Mike Mulcahey and Gabby Grimes, the "Mulcahey Twins," were driven to the top of a bath-house to escape a couple of dogs who had discovered them just after they had wrung out their clothes and hung them upon the fence to dry.

It will also be remembered how they happened to get so wet, and the uniform bad luck that had attended them ever since they set out for Coney Island.

They were in a nice predicament surely, for the wind was cold, and they were stark naked on top of the houses, and fully exposed to it.

The dogs manifested no symptoms of homesickness or desire to abandon the job that they had undertaken as a bad one.

They seemed rather contented than otherwise, and taking a seat on their haunches, one upon either side of the house, they prepared to see the thing out.

Poor Mike was nearly heart-broken, as well he might have been, for he had been badly bounced ever since starting for the place, and this seemed like the last straw on the camel's back.

As for Gabby, he looked like a black statue struck with St. Vitus' dance.

The way his teeth chattered endangered his tongue.

They would have made good hash-choppers.

They both tried to make friends with the dogs, calling them all the nice names they could think of, and promising to treat them to all sorts of good things to eat, if they would only go back to their kennel up at the house, and allow them to come down out of the cold.

But the dogs were not to be fed on taffy.

They seemed to have made up their minds to take a late supper out of our heroes, and so they only growled and invited them to come down and have some fun.

"Bad luck ter the dirty hounds, will they kape us here all night?" asked Mike.

"Great gosherum, I guess we are keepin' dem instead ob dey keepin' us," said Gabby, between his chattering teeth.

"Howly Moses, if I only had a pistol."

"Feel in your pistol pocket an' see if you can't find one dar," said Gabby, not entirely able to forget to have his joke.

"Faith, do you call this a toime for bein' funny?"

"May jes' as well laugh as cry."

"Well, begorra, I think it would be much aisier to cry than laugh. Worra, worra, ther sorry luck we've had ivir since we started for this bloody place this mornin'. Sure, it's enough ter break ther heart of a cast iron cow," said Mike, sadly.

"Dat am so, Mike; but what am we gwine fo' to do 'bout it?"

"Sure, I sa nothin' butter stay here all night."

Gabby attempted to reply, but his chattering teeth made him bite his tongue.

"We'll catch a thundering cowl'd up here."

"Ya, an' we coteh the debble himself in de mornin'."

They looked at each other foolishly and inquiringly; what was to be done? There was a long row of bath-houses and they were perched up on the first one adjoining the fence where their clothes were hung to dry.

"Le's go 'long on de houses an' see if we can't find some way fo' ter get out ob dis yer," said Gabby.

"Anything but this," said Mike.

They started along on the roofs of the bath-houses, but the dogs set up a loud barking and kept along on either side of the row as fast as the poor victims went; it was provoking in the extreme.

Gabby was about ten feet in advance of Mike, and as he walked along on the frail house, there came a crash, and the colored twin suddenly disappeared from view, having broken through the roof of one of them and fallen into it.

The dogs redoubled their barking and sprang savagely at both sides of the box that Gabby was in as though he had suddenly presented them with the late supper they were waiting for.

Mike hurried to the spot, and looked down into the little room where his pard was.

"Are you there, Gabby?" he called.

"I guess the pieces ob me are here," replied Gabby, gathering himself up.

"Are ye hurted?"

"I guess not much."

"Did ye fall?"

"No, I walked down," replied he, laughing.

"Well, then; say, can ye walk up again?"

"Don't want ter go up, nohow."

"Why not?"

"Cos it am warmer down here. Come down."

"Bejabers, but I think that same wud be an improvement on this, an', besides, if we get out of sight, them bloody hounds may go away. Sure, it's high ould luck all round."

"Not much de matter wid dis yer," said Gabby, crouching down into one corner of the little room.

"Faith, then, it takes but little to make ye at home."

"An' dis yer am a little home. Come down out ob de cole."

Mike crept cautiously down, and found, like Gabby, that it was a great improvement over being up on top in the wind. But he was mistaken about the dogs going away. Instead of doing so, they took their stations on either side of the house, and kept up their infernal bark even louder than ever.

"Bad manners to them dirty whelps, I'd loike to turn them inside out," said Mike.

"Golly, dat would stop der bark, I guess—leastwise, dey would hab ter yap on de inside ob derselves, an' dat wouldn't make so much noise."

"Hark! Bloody murder! there's some one comin'," said Mike, looking out of a crack at the back of the house.

"All right. He get us out."

"Not much. He'll get us in."

"How so? How dat?"

"Whist! Sure he has a gun! Be aisy, now, or we'll be murdered entirely, an' pickin' shot out of ourselves for the next six months."

"Shout to him how we fixed," whispered Gabby.

"An' sure he'd fix us a darn soight worse nor we are now if we did."

"What fo'?"

"Wudn't he take us for thaves?"

"Golly larrup! so he might."

"Whist!"

The man whom Mike had discovered stealing along with a shot-gun approached nearer, and as he did so the dogs barked still louder. He was evidently the owner of the bathing ranch.

"What is it, boys?" they heard him ask of the dogs. "Have you got him?"

"Wonder how it feel to be peppered wid little bullets?" asked Gabby, in a whisper.

"Whist! or ye'll soon foind out," replied Mike.

The man came closer and looked cautiously around under the bath-houses, which stood on posts about two feet high, to be clear of high tides.

"Where is he?" they heard him ask again.

The dogs stopped their barking and began to wag their tails furiously.

"What is it?"

They whined, and acted as though they wished they had the power of speech, so they could tell him what a soft thing they had got.

The man looked around for some time, but could find no trace of the fox he supposed the dogs had driven to bay; but thinking they had only run in a rat or something of the kind, he turned to go, at the same time calling off the dogs.

With the greatest satisfaction they saw them follow him back towards the house, turning every few steps, however, to bark back at the bath-houses, as though assuring them that they knew all about it, if their stupid master did not, and that they would have an eye on them.

"Sure, that's ther only dacint bit of luck we've had ther day," said Mike, whose eye was at the crack between the boards.

"Guess dar am a gwine fo' ter be a turn in the tide," suggested Gabby.

"Begob, we've had a turn in the tide already," said Mike, laughing over the adventure that had cost them such a soaking.

"Ya; when we turn ober on dat ole bath-house."

"Ye are right; sorra job it was for us that we iver tuck lodgings in that ould box; but I wonder will he shut them two dogs up?"

"Dey hab shut up themselves," said Gabby, with a grin that almost illuminated the darkness of their narrow abode.

"How's that?"

"Why, you don't hea' 'em now, do yer?"

"No. Why?"

"Dat shows dat dey hab shut up demselves. Ya! ya! ya!"

"Bad luck to ye, Gabby, I think ye'd joke ov a funeral."

"So I would, if he was a funral ob some people dat I know."

"Well, faith, I think I'd join ye if it was the funeral of that pilot or the chaps as made us dance the devil's hornpipe ter ther music of a whip. But how are we ter git out of this?"

"Can't tumble out berry well."

"Begorra, it's daybreak!" said Mike looking up at the illuminated sky.

"Den dar am no time to be los', dat am a fac'."

"Here, stand here, til I'll clime on ye."

"An' dat will be a sonny climb."

"How's that?"

"Arn't you a son?"

"Be done wid yer quips and quirks; put yourself down here 'til I'd reach ther top."

Gabby bent down, and Mike got up on his shoulders, thus managing to reach the top of the building and to climb up safely; then he reached down his hand and assisted Gabby to get up.

Without a moment's loss of time they jumped down into the sand on the opposite side of the houses and ran for their clothes.

By this time they had become pretty well dried in the wind, and they got into them on the double quick, you bet.

"Golly, I wish dat I hab no shirt," said Gabby, struggling to get into his half-dried garments.

"Sure, it's a make-shift anyway."

"It make me mad as blazes."

Mike assisted him, and they were both soon dressed once more.

"Now whar we go?"

"Onywhere out of this," said he, starting off.

It had become quite light by this time and slowly and sullenly they plodded along up the shore towards the railroad depot, muttering and cursing their luck all the way.

"Sure, I'm as hungry as a mule. Let's dig some more clams," suggested Mike.

"Wha' fo'? We got no matches."

"True for ye, we haven't. But, begorra, I think I cud go a few on the half shell."

They dug a few and ate them raw, after which they continued their walk.

After going about a mile they approached the Ocean House and noticed that a gentleman and lady were walking down the beach in bathing suits, going for their early plunge in the breakers, this being the correct thing to do with regular seaside boarders.

They walked along and just as they got opposite of where they were sporting in the surf, they heard the woman utter a loud shriek, and looking in the direction they saw the man disappear from her sight beneath the waves.

"Faith, he's drowning," said Mike.

"Let's go fo' him."

"Come quick."

The two boys ran, pulling off their coats, hats, and vests as they went, and throwing them down upon the beach.

Plunging into the surf, they both struck out towards the spot where the man went down, and where the woman was still frantically screaming for help, and hardly able to sustain herself above water.

"Quick, quick, for heaven's sake!" she cried.

"Be aisy, ma'am; we'll have him," said Mike, encouragingly.

Arriving at the right spot, they both drew in a long breath and dived beneath the surface.

The water was not deep, but the surf was coming in in tremendous waves, dashing far up on the almost level shore. The frightened lady, although a good swimmer, had barely strength enough to reach the shore, so dreadfully was she overcome by the occurrence.

The two boys remained under water for some time, and finally came upon the drowning man, and quickly brought him to the surface.

As they did so a huge wave threw them so far ashore that all three could stand upon the bottom.

The man was weak and groggy, but they got him ashore and shook the water out of him.

"Are ye much drowned, sur?" asked Mike.

"Oh, you have saved him, you have saved him," exclaimed the lady, running to meet them.

"Gosh, ya. He am wuf 'bout fifteen drown men," said Gabby.

"Oh, my husband, you are safe!"

"Yes, thank heaven," said the man, faintly.

"And these two noble boys," she added.

"Yes, yes. How shall I reward them?"

"Better go for a snifter of whisky," said Mike.

"Yes; come to the hotel at once," said his wife.

"Great God, what an escape! A cramp took me in both legs, and I was powerless."

"Are you better now?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, I am all right now. Young men, come up to the hotel, I wish to see you," said he, as he turned with his wife to go away.

"All right, boss," replied Gabby.

Mike and Gabby went back to pick up their clothes.

"Faith, we're in for a foine breakfast I'll lay ye a wager," said Mike.

"Wal, by golly, a breakfast in fo' me am just about what my belly am shoutin' fo' now," replied Gabby, picking up his coat, cap, and vest.

"Och, but bad manners ter it, we're wet again. Faith, this is the moistest place I was iver in."

"Ya! ya! ya! We hab been on de moist side ob luck puty much all de time, dat am a fac'."

"True for ye, save only when we was on the

house beyant. Here lend us a twist, will ye?" he added, taking off his pants.

"Now, by gosh, it am more lucky dat you left dat shirt ob yours home. Look at me! Pants an' shirt all soakin'," said he, catching hold of one end of Mike's pants, and helping him wring the water out.

When this was accomplished, he assisted Gabby to do the same, and then they both proceeded to dress themselves again.

"Guess our togs puty clean after dis yer."

"Yes. Now let's go to de hotel for our grub," said Mike, and together they started.

The man whom they had rescued went directly to his room to dress, and being somewhat overcome with the effect of his cramp and dip, he lay down for a few moments' rest.

Gabby and Mike walked up upon the piazza of the hotel and took seats in the sun, which had by this time risen, calculating to get warm and dry after their rough experience.

But they were not destined to enjoy this luxury long, for presently a big Dutchman came along and took a good look at them.

He was a laborer employed about the place, and probably concluded that the twins were a couple of tramps.

"Vas vos dot, hey?" he asked.

"Hay? No, guess not, I don't see no hay," said Gabby, calmly.

"Val, I dinks me dot I see somedings."

"Are you sure? Doye think ye have yer eyes open wide enough this mornin', ter sware that ye sa' somethin'?" asked Mike.

"I dinks me dot I chust see somedings bad."

"Sa' somethin' bad? Faith I guess ye wor drunk on lager beer last night, then."

"Vas it dot? Py shimminy, you have blendy of lip und cheek mit yourselves."

"Who are ye, onyway?"

"Go shoot yourself," put in Gabby.

"I chust shoody myself nod, und who de tyfle pe you, somehow?"

"We? Oh, we are a couple ob merchants from de city," said Gabby, throwing his feet up into a chair and leaning back with a flourish.

"I dinks me somedings, too, 'bout dot."

"Sure, it's fortunate that ye have somethin' ter put yer big brain at work upon this mornin'."

"I dinks me dot you pe a couple of dramps, by jingo, don'd id?" said the Dutchman, with much energy.

"I gub it up, boss," replied Gabby.

"Val, py donder, you chusd go mit yourselves out from dis puty quick, pefore long."

"What d'er say?"

"Go drown yourself."

"Und I pud you out, by donder."

"Go 'way. Arn't we out now?"

"Make yourselves valse out!" said, he, coming boldly up to where they sat.

"Not much. We have bought this hot l."

"Ya, an' you can look upon yourself as a bounced Dutchman," said Gabby.

"You maks no more foolishness mit me. You are some thieves, und you petter go from here out on yourn ear, you bet," saying which he approached and attempted to lay hands upon Gabby for the purpose of putting him off the premises.

But Mike was not asleep.

Putting out his foot he tripped the Dutchman, and he fell sprawling over a chair.

Gabby gave him one in the nose, just to see how it seemed.

It evidently didn't seem nice to the prostrate Dutchman, for he yelled like a stuck pig and began to show fight.

Struggling to his feet he grabbed Gabby, and again Mike gave him the foot.

Over they both went, pulling, pounding, and shouting and cursing. Mike was to the rescue in a twinkling, and before any of the other servants could come to the rescue they had given him all he wanted, and about two black eyes and a bloody nose more.

Just then the landlord and three or four servants came upon the scene.

Seeing the Dutchman getting his deserts, they pounced upon our friends, and in almost

no time dragged them off and held them prisoners.

Then followed a flood of Dutch, Irish, and negro in denunciation and explanation.

But as they knew the Dutchman and did not know either of the twins, they naturally listened to and believed his story before theirs.

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded the landlord.

"A pair ob innocent twins," said Gabby.

"Twins!"

"Ah! you hear dot? Don'd dot show dot they vare some loafers?" demanded the Dutchman, wiping his bloody bugle.

"What were you doing here?" again demanded the landlord.

"Faith, sur, we were just after savin' the loife ov a man, and he bid us come here and wait for him a bit, whin this bloody Dutchman was kickin' up a ruction wid us."

"Too thin, young fellow, too thin; I think you re a pair of thieves, and I shall hand you over to an officer," said the landlord.

"No, you will not," said a fine-looking gentleman, coming out upon the piazza.

"Ah, Mr. Morton," said the landlord, bowing very politely.

"These young men saved my life a few moments ago, and I told them to come here."

"Saved your life?"

"Yes, I was taken with cramps while in for my early bath, and sank in spite of myself. My wife was powerless to save me, and these two brave lads threw off their clothes, sprang in and brought me, from a watery grave almost, safely to the shore."

"How dat, ole Duchy?" asked Gabby, giving him a kick.

Mr. Dutchman had nothing to say, but got out of reach as quickly as possible.

"I am extremely sorry that there should any trouble arise," said the landlord, abjectly.

"I will vouch for them, for brave boys cannot be wholly bad. Prepare them the best breakfast the house affords, and assist them to dry their clothes."

"Oh, certainly, sir; certainly, Mr. Morton," said the landlord, bowing to his rich guest and going away.

"Now, young men, sit down and tell me something about yourselves," said Mr. Morton.

"Sure, we're known as the Mulcahey Twins."

"The what?"

"The Mulcahey Twins."

Mr. Morton laughed heartily.

"We're a happy-go-lucky pair, livin' by the jobs we get. We tuck it into our addle heads ter come to Coney Island yesterday, and it's bad luck we've had all ther while, 'til we had ther dacint fortune of savin' yer honor."

"I understand. But I don't care who or what you are. You saved my life and I feel very grateful to you, of course. Here is my card, and if ever I can serve either of you in any way, don't fail to call on me in New York?"

"Sure, we're very thankful, sur."

"But stop, I am not done yet. Here is one hundred dollars apiece for you to do as you like with," said he, handing each a package of bills.

"Great gosh, Massa Morton!" said Gabby, hesitating before so much money.

"Is it manin' that ye are, sur?"

"To be sure I do. Take it and buy all the happiness you can with it."

"Bejabers, but we can buy all der happiness in der whole worruld wid this!"

"Very well, I hope you can," said Morton laughing, and going into the hotel.

They gazed after him in silence for a few moments and then turned and looked at each other.

"Are ye there, Gabby?"

"Cose I is heah," he replied, in a whisper; then each looked at his roll of bills again.

"Wud ye thwack me alongside der gob once?"

"Wha' fo'?"

"Faith, ter sa whether I'm dramin' or no."

"Guess I mus' be dramin' too," said Gab-

by, knocking his hard head against the piazza post two or three times."

"Are ye awake?"

"Guess I am, by golly. Great grasshoppers!" he exclaimed, holding out his money.

"Mike, le's buy Coney Island?"

"Divil take the ould sand-hape. Bejabers, Gabby, but luck has changed."

"I should say so. Oh, ho, pr'aps we amn't nabobs now. Oh, no, not any fo' ter speak, oh," said he, swelling up and down the piazza, with his cap tipped down over his nose.

"Whoop, begob, where's the Dutchman? Trot him out 'til we'd aise our dispositions on him."

"Gosh, ya. Trot out everybody," cried Gabby.

Just then the landlord came out.

"Gentlemen, I congratulate you," said he.

"Congratulate the ould Harry. Come out till we'd knock seven koinds of baswax out of ye," said Mike, putting away his money and squaring off.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, I couldn't think of doing that; besides, your breakfast is ready," said he, politely.

"Whoop, come on, Gabby. We'll get aven wid him somehow," said he, starting for the dining room.

CHAPTER VII.

We left Mike and Gabby just following the landlord of the Coney Island hotel into his dining-room, to partake of the breakfast that had been ordered by Mr. Morton, one of his rich boarders, whose life the boys had saved that morning while bathing in the surf.

It will also be remembered that this gentleman rewarded the "twins" for their heroism with each a hundred dollars in money, and of course two happier fellows never lived than they were, and it was with difficulty that they could be restrained from giving the Dutch laborer another flogging, or, in fact, anybody else who might present themselves.

The rough-and-tumble experiences which they had met with since coming to Coney Island, gave them both first-rate appetites, and the way they did go into that landlord's best grub was a sad warning to boarding-houses and markets.

"Begorra, but this is foine!" said Mike, as he stowed away a juicy beefsteak.

"Oh, I guess not," said Gabby, almost hiding his whole face behind a big buckwheat cake.

"Here, waiter," Mike yelled, to one of the darkies.

"Yes, sah."

"What manner of pie have ye?"

"Good mannered pie, sah," replied the waiter, calmly.

"Indade, but that's bether than ye are yer-self. Bring me a piece of every kind ye have. Away wid ye."

"Me, too, ole man," said Gabby.

The waiter went away with a disgusted look on his face, for, to tell the truth, he was getting tired; the "twins" had made it pretty lively for him ever since they began breakfast.

"Faith, but this bates clams higher nor a koite, Gabby," said he, referring to the last meal they had eaten, when they dug clams and roasted them.

"Beats anything dat I eber 'stonished my stomach wid; but oh, how's that for a boodle?" he asked, pulling out his roll of bills.

"An how's that?" asked the Irish half of the twins, also taking his money out. "Sure, I'd dance a jig wid the devil's aunt, now. Won't somebody knock it off me shoulder? Whoop!" he added, placing it upon his shoulder.

But no one present appeared to care particularly about knocking it off, and so he resumed eating, and not until nearly every article in the house had been freely sampled did they conclude that they had eaten enough.

Then they got up and walked slowly away, being almost too full for utterance.

A pair of cigars soon ornamented their mugs,

and they started for the depot for the purpose of taking the cars for New York.

The way they did swell up and down the platform after buying their tickets was comical in the extreme.

"I say, Gabby, how rich are you?"

"I se a millionaire."

"An' so be I. When do ther bloody ould ears start, anyway?" he added.

"I gub it up, Mike. Les buy de cussed ole road an' run it ourseves."

"Faith, I'll do it. Whoop! where's the man as owns the railroad?" he yelled.

"Here I am," said a seedy-looking chap, walking up to them.

"Do ye own this bloody ould machine?" asked Mike, severely.

"Yes, I own it. What of it?"

"Well, I'll lay ye a wager of ten dollars that there's one thing that ye'll not own."

"Well, faith, we war only in fun wid hittin' ye. Wait 'til ye'd see us in earnest onct."

"No, thank you, I've got enough."

"All aboard!" cried the conductor, for the train by this time was ready to start.

"Dem's us," cried Gabby, and the two of them got on board of the cars, leaving the defeated sharper behind.

He somehow thought that he had better wait until the next train.

The train from Coney Island by the steam cars is a very nice one, and only consumes about half the time that it takes the steamboat to do the same distance.

Mike and Gabby enjoyed themselves hugely, puffing their cigars and singing all the songs they could think of.

They were so happy that they had to do something or burst.

Arriving at Brooklyn, they took the horse cars

Arriving at one of the Broadway clothing stores, they got out and proceeded to buy themselves each a suit of clothes exactly alike, after which they got each a nobby hat of the same style, and ordered their old clothes to be sent to a hotel on Fulton Street, where they went themselves and engaged a room.

Those who had known Mike Mulcahey and Gabby Grimes would fail to recognize them now.

They were heavy swells of the first water, although they attracted as much attention as ever.

In the afternoon they promenaded up and down Broadway, each with a little cane and a big cigar, and many were the laughs and comments that they created, for, in fact, they looked even more alike than ever before.

That evening they went to Wallack's Theater



"Howly smoke," said one of three or four newsboys that knew Gabby and remembered the advent of Mike in their midst.

"What is that?"

"That ye're a derne fraud."

"Sir!" said the fellow, starting back with a look of indignation.

"What der yer say?" said Mike, hitting him a welt in the snoot.

"What der yer say?" chinned Gabby, as he gave him another which knocked the fellow heels over head.

"Hold on! Help!" he yelled.

"Help! Faith, we'll give ye all the help ye want. Take that."

"An' that," said Gabby.

"Enough! enough!" yelled the beat.

"Have ye any more railroads ye want to sell?" asked Mike.

"No, no, I weaken."

"All right. But ye mustn't take us for a couple of flats, simply because we're twins."

A loud laugh arose from the crowd of spectators that had gathered to see the ruction.

"Did ye think for ter fool us?"

"No, no, I was only in fun," said the fellow, wiping his bleeding nose.

for the Fulton Ferry, where they arrived in due time and took passage for New York, the land of the gay and the brave.

"Now, let's go for some good clothes," said Mike, as they landed.

"All right. What we do wid dese yer?"

"Oh, give 'em to der poor," said Mike, with a swagger.

"But hold on, Mike, we might be poor some mo' ourselves sometime," said Gabby.

"Poor. A hundred dollars, an' be poor again!"

"Maybe we might get wrecked in some big speculation."

"Faith, that's so, Gabby. Let's go ter a howtel an' lave 'em there agin their toime the devil's bad luck gets us agin."

"Dat's good 'nough fo' me," saying which they started up Fulton Street.

"But, I say, Gabby, isn't it unbecomin' to heavy swells loike us ter be walkin'?"

"Dat am a fact," and they hailed the first stage that came along, and in it continued their journey up town.

and bought orchestra seats, fully resolved on doing the heavy swell to the utmost limit.

But on presenting their tickets at the door they met with an unexpected obstacle.

"No colored people allowed in this part of the house," said the man at the door.

"That's all roight," said Mike.

"Yes, it's all right for you; but this young fellow must go up to the gallery."

"Fat for?"

"Because he is colored."

"Aisy wid ye now. Sure, it's only a little tan he has on him."

"Tan! Black and tan, I guess."

"Divil a bit. Sure, we're twins."

"Twins!"

"Indade, it's true for me. We're both Irish, only he's been in der West Indies for a long toime."

The doorkeeper looked from one to the other and at the same time very incredulous.

"I can't see it," he said, finally.

"Fat the devil do ye take me for?" asked Gabby, in well-imitated Irish.

"Well, I did take you for a colored boy, but that bregue of yours seems rather Irish."

"Faith, I'm as Irish as Mike, here, an' he's as Irish as Pat Murphy's pig. Fat's ther matter with ye?"

"Oh, get in out of the way; blocking up the passageway all this time," said the fooled door-keeper, moving them along.

They were shown to their seats, but during the evening many a look askance was cast at Gabby, and nobody dreamed of how he fooled his way into the position.

After the performance they returned to their hotel, where they had booked their names as M. and G. Mulcahey, and to which their old clothes had in the meantime been sent.

The next day they were up again by times, and out in search of adventure.

"Let's go and sa old father Abraham on Chatham Street," suggested Mike.

"Dat's good 'nough fo' me; come 'long," and away they started like two heavy swells.

Passing the News office they saw three or four newsboys that knew Gabby, and remembered the advent of Mike in their midst.

"Howly smoke! Look there," said one of them, pointing to my heroes, who were swelling along with their fashionable hats pulled down over their eyes and almost resting on the cigars, which were tipped up at a sharp angle.

"Let on ye don't sa 'em," whispered Mike.

"Luck at 'em!"

"Luck at der Mulcahey Twins!"

"Luck at der togs!"

"Oh, what harnesses!"

"Stag der stinkers!"

"Twig der cady!"

"Oh, what swells!" and other exclamations of surprise and merriment greeted them as they approached.

"Where was der fire, Gabby?"

"Some poor tailor had ter sweat."

"Say?"

The twins stopped suddenly in front of the group.

"Was it me ye're spakin' to?" asked Mike, with much indignation, at the same time looking as though he had never seen them before.

"Yes, you," said one.

"What der say?" said another.

"Now, by's, I've not the honor of yer acquaintance, an' I don't want ter waste any gab wid ye. Will ye be aisy, or will I knock der wat out of ye?"

A loud laugh greeted this.

"Where'd yer make a raise, Gabby?"

"Don't know nuffin bout yer," said he, as he took Mike's arm and walked away.

"Three cheers for the Mulcahey Twins," yelled one of them, and the cheers were given with a will.

In fact, they puzzled their old friends, and the question was, when did they make a strike.

But our friends kept on their way down Chatham Street without heeding the ovation, and soon entered the hotel kept by the Jew, Abraham, where they had enjoyed their first adventure together.

The old rascal spied them, and the wonderful change in their personal appearance instantly.

"Oh, mine goot gracious! Oh, mine goot middle friends. I ish so glat to see you," said he, approaching them, with a cringing smile.

"Hello, Farder Abraham. How you was?" asked Gabby, with a swagger.

"Oh, mine gracious. I vas pudly goot for an old man. How you vas yourself?"

"Big."

"Dot vos goot. How you vas all der dimes?" he asked, turning to Mike.

"Faith, I'm as foine as silk."

"Dot vos fus' rate. I am so glat as never was ter see you again."

"Divil a doubt of it."

"You is mine old gustomers."

"Yer right; we're yer customers."

"Mine gracious, Gabby, vot has happened?" he asked, looking them both over.

"Oh, not much; only sold a few of our diamonds," said he, with a broad grin.

The reader will remember how they sold the old man on a box of coal clinkers.

"Oh, mine goodness, poys, you would nod make some fun mit an old man like me."

"Oh, no, we wouldn't hab any fun with you, oh, no. We neber did," said Gabby.

"Honest nagur, we sould our diamonds, me and me twin brother."

The old man was puzzled.

"Sure ye didn't think we carried our diamonds in ther box we let ye open, did ye?"

The old rascal shrugged his shoulders but made no reply.

"Och, but we're rich now. Wud you loike ter borrey a few thousand?" and both he and Gabby pulled out their roll of bills.

"Oh, poys, you fools mit de old man."

"Is lendin' money foolin' wid ye?"

"Mine goodness gracious. I needs monish bad enough, but you come not here, now dat you is rich."

"Oh, no, we're boarding at the Astor," said Mike, placing his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and swelling up and down the room.

"Ah, dot is der vay ven a man gets rich. I vish, by Jimminy, dot I could get rich."

"Ah, but you open wrong boxes."

The old chap cringed beneath their hits, but the idea suddenly struck him, that these two smart fellows were on the "cross," in other words, that they were thieves.

"I vish you would show me dot right boxes."

"Oh, we could show you," said Mike.

"Ah, is dot so? Now, mine goot poys, led us get right down ter pusiness," said he, insinuatingly.

"Golly, we know how business am done, don't we, Mike?"

"Faith, that's thrue for ye."

The old Jew was delighted.

Drawing them away into a corner of the room, he said in a whisper.

"You ish two very smart poys; I say, pring me yourn swag und I 'fence' id for you."

Mike and Gabby exchanged glances.

They both knew enough about life to see at once that this old boarding-house keeper was only a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, and with a wink, they dropped to it right away.

"Fat's that? are ye a fence for crossmen?"

"Oh, no. I hafe only a few young friends like you, dot I help somedimes ven dey hafe more as dey can carry, dot ish all," he said, with a significant smile.

"Ah, but we are knucks."

"Dot is all der same."

"We don't duke skins; we bust cribs," said Mike, with some importance, and at the same time making use of thieves' slang.

"Oh, mine Jimminy! Dot vas goot. If you bring me der swag I slings you more for id ash ony odder man in New York."

"Is that so?"

"I brings you ten smart knucks, as vill dell you dot dat ish so, so help mine gracious."

"Have ye onything on hand now?" asked Mike, resolved to draw the old rascal out.

"Oh, mine gracious, an old man like me. But dere ish a nice job that I can get you tomorrow nighd, if you would like a crack," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"We wud. Where is it?"

"Up town."

"Crack a crib?"

"Hush! walls have ears! Two of mine young friends are going to open a house up town. Lots of silver und jewelery; goot swag, and if you would like ter"—

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Morton's."

Mike and Gabby exchanged glances.

"He is down at Coney Island, und his house is all uncovered."

"Are you sure?"

"Mine Cot! vy not? Der cop on dot beat he takes some swag."

"Oh, he does, eh?"

"So sure as gracious. Dem poys never make no misdake abou l such dings."

"When can we have a talk wid 'em?"

"Come here ad ten o'clock ter night und I introduce you."

"All right, we'll be here," said Mike.

"So sure?"

"Sure," said he going.

"All righd. I am so glad dot you come to mine place again. Goot-bye, my dears," he said, following them to the door.

"Begorra, if he's glad now, fat will he be after now?" said Mike, as they walked away.

"Oh, what a gib away."

"Isn't it. Faith, I dropped ter it ot onct. He took us for knucks."

"An' by golly, he find hard knocks."

"Bad luck ter the ould thafe of the worruld. An' so there's a job put up to rob Mr. Morton, the man as give us all the money."

"Am dat so?"

"Didn't yer hear him say it? Let's go down to Coney Island again and tell him all about it."

"Ya an' get square wid dat pilot."

"Yes, an' the murtherin' devils that made us dance ter der music of a pair of whips."

"Ya, by golly, we get squar wid everybody."

"Come along," and away they went for the wharf where the Coney Island boat stopped on her down trips.

This time there was no occasion for them to beat their way down, having money and a much better appearance, so they walked boldly on board with the best of them.

To their great delight they saw that the same pilot was in charge of the wheel, although he would have failed to recognize them in their altered appearance had he observed them.

They found no opportunity, however of getting even with him until they reached the island; but, noticing a hose connected with the force pump, they purposely waited until the passengers had all got ashore, when Mike took up the nozzle of the hose and directed it toward the pilot, who was now engaged in reading a paper. Gabby seized the handle of the pump, and working it right lively, they soon had a stream on their enemy which astonished him considerably, if not more.

"Hi! hi! here, stop that!" he yelled, leaping to his feet and trying to avoid the bath.

"Will we stop it as ye stopped us the other day, bad manners to ye!" yelled Mike, still keeping it upon him.

"Help! help!"

"Gub it to him, Mike!" cried Gabby, who was working the pump for all it was worth.

"Yer bet I will, ther spalpeen!"

"Great Jerusalem!" yelled the pilot, making a dive to go below.

But the lads were too quick for him, and before he reached the deck they were on the shore and runing at a lively rate up the wharf.

"Oh, you young devils, if I ever catch you," he cried, stopping and shaking his fist at them.

"Yes, if iver ye do. Will ye give us an other extra ride sometime," yelled Mike.

"I'll ride you to the devil if ever I catch you."

"Sure, we'll give ye lave," said Mike, turning to follow Gaddy. "Begob, there's one debt paid," he added, as they walked along.

"Ya, by golly, an' we get some change back, too. Ya! ya! ya!" replied Gabby.

They both laughed as they walked along.

Their next stopping-place was at the Pavilion Hotel, near the same place they had stopped at before, and where they had received such a bouncing after their attempt to get a free bath.

They stopped here only long enough to get a glass of lager, and then moved on down towards the bath-houses.

Without much difficulty they espied the three fellows who had put them through such a course of sprouts, and after consulting a moment their minds were made up.

Mike ordered three whisky cocktails made and placed upon a tray, and after the order had been filled he called for the bottle of Jamaica ginger.

Taking this he put in enough to burn the insides out of an alligator, and after paying for

them he took the tray and carried the drinks down to the office, where the three men were dispensing bathing dresses for twenty-five cents each for a bounce in the surf.

"Alderman Garey beyant axes will ye drink his health?" said Mike, presenting the tray.

"What! the alderman? Well, I guess yes. We would drink with him if he was a United States Senator," said they all. "Here's to the alderman; long may he wave."

"And treat," said one of them in an undertone.

They drank off the cocktails at a gulp, and Mike got out of the way without loss of time.

But the fellows had no sooner the drinks down than they began to burn, and each of them began to curl up like a burnt boot, and to assume the wildest and most alarming-looking mugs that were ever seen.

"On! oh stop him," cried one, holding on to his stomach.

"Fire, fire!" shouted another.

"Put me out," yelled the third, and a wild and general howling was set up between the three of them which attracted everybody to the spot, some believing that there was a fire and others under the impression that there was murder being committed.

Gabby was among the number.

"Want ter whip some mor' boys when dey habn't got no clothes on, don't yer?" said he.

But the warmed individuals could make no reply; all they could do was to call for water and fill their smarting mouths with wet sand until water was brought them.

"Good Moses!" said one of them; "where's the alderman?"

"Where's the little Irish devil who brought them?" asked another.

"I know 'em," replied a third. "They're the young duffers we trotted around with the whips the other night. Oh, thunder, how it burns."

"Well, they've got even with us anyway. But, oh, how I'd like to catch them again; where are they?"

Mike and Gabby were both out of reach, on their way to Mr. Morton's hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE three bath-house keepers ran out, and yelled after Mike and Gabby, invited them to come back and be treated, shook their fists at them, and in various ways convinced them that their reception back would be as warm as was their stomachs and throats after drinking the cocktails flavored with Jamaica ginger.

But the "twins" knew their business too well to return. They were hunk with the three fellows who had given it to them with the whips so lively on a former occasion, and that was all they wanted.

So they kept on their way up the beach towards the hotel where Mr. Morton boarded, for the purpose of informing him of the contemplated burglary on his city residence the next night.

The gentleman happened to be out riding when they arrived at the hotel, and so they took seats on the piazza to await a dinner they had ordered, and the return of their benefactor.

They had been seated only a few moments, however, when the Dutchman with whom they had had the rumpus before came sauntering past the hotel, without, however, taking any notice of our friends, being busy with some work.

"Hullo, Pretzels!" said Gabby.

The Dutchman turned and confronted them.

"Ah, old Sourkrout, is that yerself?" asked Mike, carelessly.

"Vas some more of dem schnides come back already?"

"Yes, faith, we come back to finish ther wallopin' we begun on ye," said Mike.

The Dutchman made up snoots at them and started to go, having had enough before.

"Come ter me till I'd take der wrinkles out of yer snoot," said Mike, laughing.

The fellow slapped the seat of his overalls, but made no other reply.

"Oh, luf me fit dat fo' you," said Gabby, springing to his feet, and tapping the toe of his shoe.

"Go mit ter tyfle und shood yourself," cried the Dutchman, turning back.

"Oh, come and see us fo' a little while, old man," said Gabby, pleadingly.

"We'll be lovin' wid ye, sure."

"We only wants a little 'musement wid yer," put in Gabby.

"Go mit ter tyfle! I makes me ne fun mit myself for you ony more mit hittin' me in dot smoot some more dimes," yelled the Dutchman, calling back to them.

"Faix, I think he got a belly full."

"Yes, an' it don't digest."

"An' he don't want ter die jist yet."

While they were speaking, the colored waiter who had attended upon them at the table the day before, came out upon the piazza.

"Caesar Africanistus, am dat you!" asked Gabby, guying at him.

"Hello, bones!" said Mike.

"What am de matter wid you?" growled the colored man, much offended.

"Whar am dat repast?" asked Gabby.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout what you say. I only deal wid gemmen."

"An' don't ye call us gentleman?"

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout you dat udder chap dar arn't nuffin but a nigger, anyway, if he did help save a man."

"Bad luck ter ye, ye black spalpeen, this is me twin brother," said Gabby.

"Guess he am a twin brudder wid de debbel," growled the waiter.

"Oh, no, I's no 'lation to you, ole man."

"Now see har, young fellars, I don't want no foolin' heah; I's an ole man, is deacon ob de church, an' it arn't right fo' you ter zasperate me up to de swearin' point, fo' I might swar putty bad, an' I might do somethin' agin yer health an' new clothes, so you better luf me be, fo' I's bad when I gets zasperated."

"Faix, yer bad onyhow."

"Don't fool wid me, children," said he, returning to the hotel.

Just then, another waiter came out to tell him that their grub was ready, and laughing over the warning of the old darkey, they went in to eat.

They had scarcely finished their meal when Mr. Morton and his wife drove up to the piazza and alighted.

Mike sought him instantly, and informed him of what they had accidentally learned about the contemplated robbery of his house, and it was at once arranged that the "twins" should accompany him to New York for the purpose of frustrating the design.

They arrived at the mansion at five o'clock; and, finding everything secure, Mr. Morton went to the police headquarters and told the superintendent what he had learned respecting the contemplated robbery of his house, and three special officers were detailed to accompany him.

The officers, Mike and Gabby, and Mr. Morton secreted themselves inside of the house to wait for the approach of the burglars, and at the appointed hour they came and adroitly effected an entrance.

And they were as adroitly captured and taken to the police station. Mike and Gabby were held as witnesses, but Mr. Morton became bondsmen for them, and so they were free again.

But they made a good friend of the rich man, and were the means of breaking up the crib of old Abrams, the "Fence;" and so, while drifting along, happy-go-lucky, they managed to do quite a good turn for society at large.

Things went on flushly for several days. They were hunkydory at the hotel where they were boarding, and every day they went out swelling on Broadway to show their good harness and to take in any fun that might turn up in the meantime.

But it wouldn't be the luck of the Mulcahey

Twins if this thing kept on for any length of time.

In truth, an avenger was already on their track, for one of the pals of the thieves they had been instrumental in arresting, had been watching them very closely, and before three days had found out all about them.

Seeing there was no chance whereby he could "double-bunk" them, he resolved to get away with their toggery and money, and in this way get partially square with them for what they had done.

One night, while Mike and Gabby lay asleep in their beds, with their gay toggery hanging on a pair of chairs, this thief got in over the fanlight and quietly got away with every article they possessed, handing it out over the door to a companion, and escaping himself without so much as disturbing the snoring "twins."

Early the next morning, Mike jumped out of bed and started to dress himself, but of course his clothes were not there. He gazed around the room for a moment and not seeing them anywhere, the thought struck him that Gabby had hidden them for a lark. And he began to laugh, and finally went to Gabby and shook him.

"Gabby! Rouse out of that!"

"Y-a-w! Go way from me, boy," said Gabby, yawning and turning over in his bed.

"Will ye have out of that?"

"Go 'way from me, boy, or I shall harm yer."

"Arrah, but ye are a deep one."

"Who for? Who dat?"

"Sure ye got away wid our togs."

"Go way wid yer."

"But where is der joke?"

"Don't bodder me. Don't know anyfin' 'bout no joke. Go way."

"Bad manners to ye, but I want ter dress," said Mike, with strong vehemence.

"Wal, why don't yer dress, den?"

"But where's me togs?"

"Oh, go 'way."

"Wake up, or I'll give ye a douse of cowlid wather," said he, going to the jar.

"Stop yer foolin', Mike."

"Who's a foolin'? Where's dem togs?"

"What's de matter wid you anyway?" asked Gabby, sitting up on end in the bed.

"Stop yer nonsense wid yer pal, Gabby. Where's me clothes?"

Gabby rubbed his eyes, and looked around the room for a moment in wonder.

"Oh, what're given' me, Mike; taffy?" he asked, at length.

"Stop yer foolin', Gab. Where's me togs?"

"Who foolin'?"

"You are."

"Bout what?"

"Dem togs."

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout what yer foolin' 'bout, no how."

"Don't know about our clothes?"

"Course I don't, who does?"

"Who does! Where's our togs?"

Gabby got up in bed and looked anxiously around.

"You fool me, Mike," said he, at length.

"Bejabers, I fool nobody, an' I don't want anybody ter fool wid me any longer. A joke's a joke, but divil a bit further does it go, or I'll foight," said Mike, dancing around.

"Can't fight me, fo' I don't know nuffin' 'bout der clothes."

"An' didn't ye hide 'em?"

"I arn't seed 'em or feel 'em since we went ter bed las' night, fo' shuah."

"Der ye mane that?"

"Ob course I do."

"Between pal an' pal?"

"Hoper neber get up alive."

Mike looked at him for a moment as though to penetrate his meaning, and then glancing once more about the room without seeing their clothes, he uttered a prolonged whistle.

"Be the powers av mud, but we have no clothes, at all, at all!"

"Stop dat nonsense, Mike," said Gabby, leaping out of bed, and looking around.

"Sure I mane it."

"Who got dem good harness!"

"The devil himself, for aught I know."

Gabby flew around the room in his shirt-tail, utterly bewildered.

"Thieves?" he asked, going to the door, and finding it still locked.

"Faith, they must have gone out of the windy, for the dure is locked."

"Wal, by gosh, dar am no joke 'bout dis yer."

"No, but where is der togs?"

"Somebody mus' hab come in ober de fan-light an' got away wid 'em."

Mike opened the door, and looked around in the entry.

"Well, whichever way they came or went, it's easy to see they've got our clothes an' all of our money along wid 'em."

"Goshemighty, dat am so!"

"We haven't a haper left."

"If breakfasts were a cent apiece, we couldn't buy a smell."

"Och, we're undone!"

"Yes, by golly, an' undressed, too."

"Thar thaves of the worruld!"

"No use ob talkin', Mike, we am beat."

"Worra! worra! fat will we do? Sure we can't go about in our shirt-tails."

"No, de law would tooken us up fo' diffimation ob character."

"Faith, we're as poor as the day we came inter der worruld, save our shirts. Fat will we do, I don't know."

"Heah," said Gabby, going to a closet; "heah am our old clothes."

"Der mother of Moses bless us. Sure, we're no worse off than before."

"Arn't it lucky now dat we didn't gib dese togs away to de poor?"

"Faith, we'd foind none poorer than ourselves just now, I'm thinking," said Mike, getting into his old clothes.

"Dat am so. But how 'bout de landlord?"

"Sure, we only owe him for two days, an' he can afford to trust us for that."

The forlorn "twins" proceeded to get into their old clothes, at the same time dressing themselves in the most woe-begone-looking mugs that ever were seen.

They went down to the clerk of the hotel to ask him if he knew anything about the clothing they had lost, but he, never having seen them but once or twice, and then while they were dressed up, did not know them, and not only that, but he was inclined to regard them as a pair of tramps, figuring for a breakfast.

"That's too thin, young fellow," said he to Mike, after he had told him of his loss.

"Bejabers, but I call it too rough."

"Do you know what you two chaps want?"

"Yes, begorra, we want our clothes."

"You want to get right out of here lively, or I shall take my morning exercise in heaving you down stairs. Git!"

"Bad luck ter ye, have ye no dacincy in a man's trouble?"

"Oh, heaps of it. Now git!"

The clerk was a big, lively fellow, and as there didn't appear to be any chance for argument, or for a fair fight, the "twins" concluded that it would be the best thing for them to do to follow instructions and *git*.

So, without loss of time, they *got*, and once more they found themselves on the sidewalk in their old clothes and without a penny.

They looked at each other for a moment without speaking.

"Are you there, Gabby?" asked Mike laughing.

"By gosh, it seem like it."

"Down flat on your backs, eh?"

"I guess we am flat, anyhow. I'd like ter shuck de man out ob his hide dat got away wid dem good harness ob ours."

"Faith, after ye'd shucked him, I'd loike ter slip up on his skin."

"I feel just like I could go shoot myself."

"Will ye be aisy, Gabby?"

"What fo' I be aisy?"

"Sure, are we not just as well off as we was three days ago?"

"Jes' about, I guess, only a little poorer."

"Nonsense. Haven't we lived like lords?"

"Yes, an' now we fast like tramps."

"Hould up your head, Gabby, are we not happy-go-lucky yet?"

"Dat am so, Mike. Come along, les go somewhere," said the now animated darkey, taking the arm of his pal and starting down Fulton Street towards the ferry.

"Be jabers, but ther fust thing we want to foind is a breakfast."

"Dat am so, Mike, but we amn't so 'ticular as we was," said Gabby laughing.

"Faith, we'll not quarrel wid a steak this mornin' whether it's tough or tender."

"Guess we'd like 'em tough de bes'."

"How's that?"

"De tougher dey are de longer dey las'. Don't ye see dat?"

"Faith yer a philosopher that'd do the heart of a boarding-house keeper good to see."

"Wish dat we could tickle de heart ob some landlady fo' 'bout a week's hash."

"Niver moind, Gabby, we'll raise a breakfast somewhere, der yer moind that?"

"Got nuffin' fo' to say agin it, Mike. But dat war de roughest dat ever I seen in de whole cose of my life; hab yer clothes stolen, and den kick out ob de hotel fo' speakin' ob it. Golly, dat am tough."

"All right, my pal, we'll be even yet."

"Mus' start on a full belly, somehow."

"We'll do it. Come along."

By this time they had arrived at the Fulton Market. It was early yet, and crowds of men and women were hurrying across the ferry to get to their places of labor, while the saloon keepers were sending up the enticing steam of coffee and oysters to tempt those who had not yet broken their fast.

Mike and Gabby, in their old clothes, the same that we first saw them in, were even more comical than ever, for the feeling of having swelled abroad in a flashy and stylish harness made them appear stiff and awkward now.

But they soon became reconciled and walked along with their old-time devil-may-care way, and the feeling that they were once more on their oars made them just as sharp as ever.

They lingered around the market for some time, waiting to see if anything would turn up in their favor.

"How's yer appetoit, Gabby?" asked Mike, after they had waited for some time.

"How am it? Gosh, I feel jes now like I could stan' on my norf eyebrow, an' open a bushel ob oysters wid my ear," said Gabby, looking around and smacking his thick lips.

"Begob, but it looks moighty quar about our feedin' our bellies hereabout ther mornin'."

"Got no ideas?"

"Ideas? Faith, I've more ideas than a hin has tath; but, begob, they're not fillin'."

Gabby cast another look askance at a pile of oysters that stood near a steaming urn of coffee and a lot of pastry.

Presently a countryman drove along with a chicken-coop on his wagon, in which there were about a dozen fat roosters that he was taking to market.

"Hold on, by golly!" cried Gabby, catching his friend by the arm.

"What have ye?"

"Good 'nough! You watch me, an' when you see me unbutton de flap ob dat hen-coop you rush up to dat countryman an' play that you discover his hens loose—see?"

"All right, me lad; lave me see yer janius."

"Keep yer eye skinned!"

"I will, an' sa that yer don't get yer nose skinned, der ye moind that?" said Mike, laughing.

Without making any reply Gabby cut out into the street and walked along behind the countryman's cart, all the while taking the measure of everything about it, while Mike walked equally fast on the sidewalk close at hand.

When a favorable moment arrived Gabby

turned the button which held the door of the coop, allowing it to swing open, and then hastily ran to the sidewalk, where he mingled with the crowd that was surging along.

The countryman drove for a few rods, when his load of roosters became aware that there was a chance for liberty and a scramble; and they began to take advantage of it.

Five or six of them flew out upon the street.

Mike was ready for the emergency.

"Whoa! Hould on there!" he cried, running up and catching the countryman's horse by the bridle. "Yer burds are gettin' ase from ye."

"Hay? What's that ye say?" drawled the countryman, looking around.

"Yer burds are havin' ase from ye."

"Gosh all thunder; yu don't say so."

"Heah dey am, boss," said Gabby, coming up with a pair of hens whose legs were tied together, and which he had captured.

"Wal I swow. That ere durned old button must have got turned 'round," said he, as he proceeded to get down and assist Mike and Gabby catch the runaway birds. "Come here, ye tarnal corn-grabbers," he added, reaching for the last fugitive.

"Dat am all right, boss," said Gabby.

"Gosh all hemlock. Must be that some o' them durned critters got a foolin' with that ere button."

"Button! Maybe they thought as how it was somethin' good ter ate an' went for it," said Mike.

"Maybe so," mused the countryman, as he stowed his live stock away again and proceeded to fasten the door.

"Yes, an' maybe they are as hungry as me an' my twin is."

"Yer what?" asked the greenhorn, looking in open mouthed wonder from one to the other.

"Me twin," replied Mike, calmly.

"Gosh all hemlock! Now yer don't go for ter tell me that yer are twins, do yer?"

"Faith, we are; only he war born in der sunshine an' I ware brought up in der shade."

"Yer don't go for ter tell me?"

"Begorra, but I do, then, an' we haven't had a bite since before ther war."

"Great jimeracks."

"Dat am so, boss," put in Gabby.

"And sain' as how we saved yer hins from goin' astray, ye moight give us the use of a dollar to put atin in us."

"A dollar!" exclaimed the countryman, in whose eyes a dollar looked as big as a coach wheel.

"Faith, that'll only drive away starvation."

"But, good gosh, a dollar for savin' my hens?"

"But supposin we hadn't done it?"

The fellow was silent, but the idea of getting down into his pocket far enough to drag out a dollar almost staggered him.

"Say, yer call it half a dollar," said he.

"Howly smoke. See what we saved ye."

"Ya, 'bout twenty dollar. Come down wid a dollar or we hab you 'rested fo' drivin' an unsafe hen-coop 'round de streets"

"Thunder and mud!"

"Yes, begob, an' it's tin dollars foine," put in Mike, pressing up on the other side of him.

"Policeman bust yer head wid a club!"

"An' sind ye ter der Island for a month!"

"Shoot yer ole hoss an' make glue ob him!"

"Sell yer wagon for kindlins!"

"Luf yer catch the small-pox!"

"Nobody knows where ye are at all, at all."

"Stop that, young fellers! Here's yer dollar!" cried the frightened countryman, going down deep into his big pocket. "Durned if I knowed that they sarved folks that way for drivin' through York with a rickety hen-coop."

"Ob course dey do. Mr. Bergh he go fo' all such cruelty ter animals as dat."

"Gosh durned puty law that is. Here," he added, handing them the dollar and mounting his wagon again.

"Good bye, ole Sorrel!" cried Gabby.

"Good luck ter ye, ole garden sass!" but the

noise in the street prevented him from hearing them.

"How am dat fo' stratengums?" asked Gabby, triumphantly.

"An' how is that for a breakfast!" said Mike, waving the dollar bill over his head. "Come along, Gabby. Bad luck won't take a stitch in our bellies ther day."

"Oh, I guess no!"

"Will somebody step on the tail of me coat?" said Mike, and in high glee over their success they started for a lunch-room.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER partaking of a hearty breakfast, the "twins," Mike Mulcahey and Gabby Grimes, ornamented their expressive mugs with five-cent cigars and started out to see the sights. They were now reduced to about the same

said he, imitating a sailor hitching up his trousers. Understand?"

"Oh, ye want ter know was iver I a tar?" said Mike.

"Dat's it. Been dar?"

"Many a toime, sure."

"Whar yer go?"

"Coney Island," replied Mike, laughing.

"Go 'way dar wid yer foolin'!"

"An' isn't that goin' ter sa?"

"If yer say so."

"Of course I do. Didn't ye iver moind me sa slang?"

"Golly, I thought as how dat war Irish."

"Sure, the brogue's Irish; but the manin' is sa slang. There's nothin' plazes me loike a sniff of the salt wather. Do ye moind it now?" he asked, drawing a full breath.

"Wuss ole sailor eber I seen, you be."

"Faith, I know ivery rope about a ship."

Turning, they encountered a Dutchman, who was sauntering aimlessly down the wharf.

"I say, me friend, we have a bet among us. What's ther name of them rope ladders goin' up the mast beyanst?"

"Vos vos das?" asked the bewildered foreigner, gawking around stupidly.

"Do ye moind them ladders beyant? What's the name of 'em in sa talk?"

"Gobbleisebeckerklinemenwhacken, so?" asked the Dutchman, after spinning out what appeared to be a single word.

"Howly Moses!" exclaimed Mike, while Gabby was nearly splitting with laughter.

"Spracken ze Deutcher?" asked the man.

"Go ter the divil wid yer gibberish."

"I win that bet, Mike," exclaimed Gabby.

"How der ye?"

"Didn't we leab it to der fus' man we meet? an' don't he decide in my favor?"



"Heah dey am, boss," said Gabby, coming up with a pair of hens whose legs were tied together, and which he had captured.

level that they were when we first met them, but they still had lots of cheek, and an inclination for the happy-go-lucky which had always distinguished them.

But for all that the roughness of being robbed of their good clothes and all of their money made them feel pretty bad, and did not sit half so well on their dispositions as the breakfast, which they had just eaten at the expense of the green hen-merchant sat on their stomachs.

And yet they felt that they should get even with all their enemies in good time, and so they sauntered along down South Street, taking in all they saw, and ready for anything that gave the slightest promise of fun.

Stopping at one of the wharves they walked down to see the vessels loading and unloading, for it was a busy scene, such as are always to be found on the river fronts in New York.

"Eber go ter sea?" asked Gabby.

"Sa what?"

"Go ter sea; go in ship; jolly tar; blast yer tarry top-lights; hitch up yer pants, this way."

"But yer don't know what dat big rope am, running down from de mast dar," said Gabby pointing.

"Faith, I sa no rope runnin' anywhere," replied Mike, looking around in a comical way.

"Go 'way wid yer foolin', Mike. But I knows more 'bout a ship dan you do."

"I'll lay ye a wager now."

"Well, what am dem rope ladders called dat go ober de masts from de lowboard to de stourboard?" asked Gabby, with much importance.

"Bowlines, of course."

"Bowlines. Ya! ya! ya! Dat shows how much you know 'bout shippin'. Dem am called de poop-deck main-braces."

Then it was Mike's turn to laugh, for, although he knew little or nothing about a ship, he knew that Gabby was all at sea regarding it.

"I'll wager ye a cigar that ye don't know the name at all."

"I gobbles dat bet."

"How'll ye prove it?"

"Leave it to the fus' man we meet."

"Good 'nough."

"How does he?"

"How do he not?"

"Sure, Gabby, we'll take a great bettin' example an' declare the bet off. I say, old sauerkraut an' pretzels, if ten Dutchmen can drink a keg of beer in half an hour, how long will it take a pig to swim ter Brooklyn?"

"Bejabers, I'll show ye by throwin' a pig overboard," exclaimed the fellow, who had been playing himself off for a Dutchman, at the same time seizing Mike by the head and heels, and throwing him off of the dock into the water.

Gabby attempted to interfere and he was served in the same way, and in less time than it takes a goat to say "no" with his tail, the "twins" were floundering about in the water.

"Now swim wid ye an' say how long it will take a pig ter rach Brooklyn," said the indignant Irishman, shaking his fist at them. "Take me for Dutchman, will ye? Play jokes on me, will ye?" and turning, he went away, leaving Mike and Gabby struggling in the water.

A crowd of sailors and longshoremen gath-

ered around and throwing them ropes soon had them standing dripping on the wharf.

"Bad luck ter ther murtherin' villain!" exclaimed Mike, shaking himself.

"Mus' be a smart man if he couldn't take little joke like dat," growled Gabby.

"I should say that the joke was all on your side," said one of the men who had pulled them out.

"Yes, begorra, an' it's no dry joke either."

"That's so," said several.

"Have ye a wringin' machine about ye?"

"What for?"

"Faith, I'd loike ter be put through one."

"By golly, it seem dat we get more duckins dan any oder two white men in dis city," said Gabby, taking off his coat.

"That's so, Gabby; but sure it won't harum our clothes."

"No, but it harm my temper."

"Sure an' it's lucky for our good clothes that somebody stole 'em from us."

Their comical remarks caused considerable merriment among those who had gathered around, especially when it became known that they had attempted to guy an Irishman whom they mistook for a Dutchman, or rather who had played it on them, and then turned upon them.

"Faith, I'm not sure whether he was Irish or Dutch. He was nate at both," said Mike.

"Guess he am a fireman," suggested Gabby.

"An' why so?"

"He fired us oberboard mighty easy. Come long; luf us go somewhere an' dry."

They left the crowd and walked down towards the end of the wharf where a schooner lay, and seeing only a single man about, they approached him.

"Are ye the boss of this?" asked Mike.

"Boss o' what?" asked the man, in a strong Yankee accent.

"Boss of this ship."

"No. This 'ere's a schuner."

"Didn't I tole yer dat, yer didn't know nufin 'bout sailorism?" asked Gabby.

"Niver moind that now. Sure we're wet."

"Wal, it dues look as how yew'd been intu drink head fust. What's the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Well, ye see, just above here a bit ago, a poor man tumbled inter ther water, an' we jumped in ter get him out."

"Yu don't say so?" exclaimed the man, starting up.

"Fact."

"Good gracious! How much did he give yu?"

"Divil a cint, for divil a wan he had ter give, an' if ye'll let us pull off our harness an' dry it here, we'll give yer the same as we got."

"All right. Pull off."

"Bejabers, ye're a gintleman."

"Come right down here, an' I'll lend yer a pair o' trousers to war, while yer sling yuer toggery up in the rigging tu dry."

They followed him into the cabin, where he provided each with a pair of old pants, about twice too large for them, and in a few minutes their well-known clothing was flying in the rigging to dry.

This man proved to be the mate of the schooner, and when the captain came on board he informed him regarding the affair.

The schooner *Mary Jane* sailed between New York and New London, carrying everything she could get to carry, and at this time had no other crew than the captain and mate, the other two men composing the crew having left after discharging cargo.

The captain was a regular skipper, and after inquiring of the boys who they were, and where they were going, asked them if they didn't want to ship as green hands, believing that he could work the schooner back to New London at least with their assistance, for there he knew he could get good hands.

The idea struck them both favorably, for they wanted a change, and so, by the time their clothes were dry, they had entered into an agreement to work for the captain one trip at least, and more if they could agree.

"Whoop," said Mike, "we're sailors now."

"Blast my tarry top-lights, dat am so," said Gabby, swaggering up and down.

It was all very well to play sailor, but when it came right down to the hard work they didn't see so much fun in it.

Mike and Gabby were not allowed to go on shore again, but were put right to work in good earnest.

The next day the schooner sailed for her destination, having for a crew the captain and mate, together with our heroes, and an old Dutch cook.

The working out of the slip and the hoisting of the sails when they were out in the stream was all very good sport for the boys; but when they had worked themselves out of the East River and through Hell Gate into Long Island Sound, things began to look a trifle more serious.

The weather was squally and the sloop pitched recklessly over the breakers and waves until our friends began to think seriously of and wish for dry land once more.

This life on the ocean wave was all very nice to sing and talk about, but come to experience it gave a rising inclination to their grub.

The ups and downs affected Mike more than they did Gabby for some reason or other, and he was almost constantly leaning over the rail talking to and feeding the fishes.

"Wha' you do dar? Got no sea legs?" demanded Gabby, with seeming indignation.

"Sa legs? Der yer sa ony about me?" asked Mike, mournfully.

"What's de matter wid you anyway?"

"Faith, Gabby, it's homesick I am," said Mike, mournfully.

"Homesick! what for?"

"For dry land, sure."

"Go 'long, you lan' lubber!"

"Bejabers, an' I niver sa onything so wab-bly an' unsteady as this is."

"Dat am because you amn't a sailor."

"An' is it a sailor ye are?"

"Me! Wal, I guess not!" and the little darkey strutted up and down the deck as though he had been a thoroughbred sailor.

But the schooner was plunging pretty lively at this time, and although it could not fairly be said that Gabby grew pale, yet as the motions began to affect him he seemed to look blue around the gills, and in spite of his boasting he was obliged to give up the good dinner he had eaten only a few minutes before.

"An' fat the divil are ye doin' there?" asked Mike, who had been watching him for the last few minutes.

"Me? Oh I (here he fed the fishes)—I am only a little lonesome, dat's all," he managed to say, although it was with a great effort.

"Faith, I don't sa why ye need ter be lonesome, I'm wid ye," said Mike.

"Oh, dar am nuffin de matter wid me, I'm only"—(another contribution to the fishes).

"Faith, where's yer sa legs, Gabby?" asked Mike, laughing.

"Oh, dat am nuffin; I allus frows up when I had a change ob climate."

"Faith, an' ye luck as though ye had had a bad change this toime;" and surely he did, although, to tell the truth, Mike being but little better, both being very seasick.

"Come now, young feller, git up there and let out that 'ere skysail," said the mate, coming forward to where they were.

"Is it Gabby ye mane?"

"No, you."

"Ter do fat?"

"Go up aloft and shake out that fore skysail. Lively, now!"

"An' fat will I shake it out for?"

"So that we can set it."

"Is it loike a trap or a hen?"

"No, but you will find that it is like a strap, if you don't waltz up those rattlins."

"Sure, I'm badly at ase wid me stomach."

"Nonsense. Leave your stomach on deck."

"Beggorra, I've been lavin' the most of it over the side of the schooner, an' I only wish I cud lave the remainder of it wid me uncle."

"Up wid yer!" again said the mate.

"An' sure, how can I get up when I'm so down in der mouth?"

"Never mind yer mouth."

"Sure, that speaks for itself."

"Will you waltz up that rattlin'?"

"Sure, waltzing always made me dizzy."

"Well, then, dance a jig up there, and do it lively, too, or I'll toss you overboard."

"Beggorra, the best part of me is overboard already. Faith, I don't moind fat ye do wid der rest of me," said he, sadly.

The fact is that he and Gabby were thoroughly seasick, one of the worst sicknesses that ever came over a person, and the mate soon saw that either one of them would as soon be thrown overboard as to move out of his tracks, so he was obliged to go aloft and do the job himself.

Speaking of his seasick experiences a week afterwards, and after he had outlived it all and become something of a sailor, he said: "Faith, the fust hour it tuck me, I was afraid I'd die; the second hour, I didn't care a rap if I did die; an' the third hour, begob, I was afraid I shouldn't die."

Mike's seasick experiences were those of nearly every person who has ever "been there."

Finally they arrived at New London and discharged cargo, after which they took another on board and started to return to New York.

But they had both learned long before this that the life of a sailor was no holiday racket, and that it was root hog or die, more especially on board a coasting vessel.

And yet, while sailing between ports there is a lull in work, if there happens to be good weather, which helps cover up some of the rough spots.

Well, they progressed slowly homeward, for the winds were against them, and what with tacking, and taking their watch, the "twins" were kept pretty busily at work.

Finally they arrived just outside of Hell Gate and came to anchor, the captain concluding to remain there until a better tide came along and a more favorable wind. But as it was now only about three o'clock in the afternoon, he resolved to go ashore and proceed to the city, leaving the mate and crew to work the schooner up when everything favored.

Here they were almost in sight of New York, and it seemed as though they had been gone a year and a thousand miles; before they had been seasick, now they were homesick.

The schooner was put in good trim, and when evening came it was Mike's first watch on deck, and while the others turned in he walked up and down the deck with his eye and ears piped up sharp for river pirates, who infest these waters in great numbers.

He was armed with a shot-gun belonging to the captain, and as the dull hours wore away he almost wished that something would turn up that would break the monotony of the spell.

Hour after hour marched on with leaden feet, and finally eleven o'clock came. It was not very dark, but it was as still as the grave, so dreadfully still, in fact, that it made him lonesome.

Mike fell into a train of thought while seated on the bulkhead, and became almost oblivious to all around him.

At length he was started from his reverie by a slight noise, and looking up he saw three men stealing softly up over the rail from a boat which they had rowed up alongside with muffled oars. He leaped to his feet and pulled back the hammer of the gun.

The second glance showed him that they were river thieves, and he knew that what was done had to be done quickly.

"Bad luck ter ye for a pack of thaves," said he, at the same time sending a charge of shot full in among them.

"Take that, an' divide it among ye."

One of the scoundrels uttered a loud yell, and fell back in the water, while the others who had failed to receive their portion of the shot leaped upon the deck and made for Mike.

He dodged around and kept them at bay for quite a while, but being two against him, they soon caught him, threw him upon the deck amidships, and were about avenging the death

of their comrade by taking Mike's life, when the mate rushed up out of the cabin and flew to his assistance.

They had poor Mike down, and were both on top of him giving him grief, when the stout Yankee landed upon them. But they were fierce and desperate ruffians, fighting now for life and liberty, and being quite as strong, both of them, as the mate was, all four of them soon became mixed up in a terrible rough-and-tumble fight upon the deck.

Gabby was aroused and rushed upon deck. Seeing about how matters were, he kicked, pounded and butted one of the thieves who was on top of the mate several times, without causing him to relinquish his bloody hold; but espying a tackle and block close by, he caught the hook and fixed it under the strong leather belt which the rascal wore around his waist.

Quick as thought he caught hold of the full end of the tackle and began to pull with all his might. This proved too much for the pirate to withstand, and not understanding what had got him any way, he let go, and the next instant was dangling like a big lobster in mid air, leaving the mate and Mike to finish off the other one.

They were not long in doing this, and he was a sorry-looking pirate when they got through with him, although he had fought desperately, and had given them both some rough knocks.

"I've got him! I've got him, boss," exclaimed Gabby, pulling him still higher.

"What is it, Gab?" asked the mate, hardly understanding what it meant.

"I fish him in ahind with de tackle, see?"

"Good boy."

"Bejabers, Gabby, but ye're a trump."

"Yes, an' I've the las' trump fo' dis yer rascal if he don't put he hans right down," said he.

"I cave," said the pirate, while flopping and swinging around.

"I say, mate, shall I lead up again and blow his hatch off?" asked Mike, who was now thoroughly aroused and wanted more fight.

"No, no; I weaken," cried the rascal.

"Hold him there, Gabby, until we give this fellow a few turns. Pass that rope there, Mike," said the mate, pointing to a coil.

"By, golly! I hole him heah six months if you say so," said Gabby, taking a turn with the rope around a belaying-pin, at the same time laughing heartily.

The mate and Mike bound the other thief securely, and then tied him to a ring-bolt so that there wasn't the slightest chance of his escaping, and all the while the suspended rascal was begging in the most piteous manner to be let down.

"By gosh! I luf you down 'bout fourteen feet higher if you don't stop your racket up dar," replied Gabby.

"Now, then, Gabby, lower him down here and we will fix him in the same way," said the mate.

"Guess he purty safe up dar," boss. "Guess he won't run 'way much," said Gabby, laughing.

"No, but I want to tie him down here on the deck. Lower away."

"Aye, aye, sah."

Resistance was out of the question, and the thief knew it, so he offered none when Gabby lowered him to the deck. Without much trouble he was also bound and secured on the opposite side of the deck, after which they procured a lantern and made search for the fellow who had been shot and fallen back into the water.

But the tide had taken him away, or he had swam out of reach, and nothing was in sight to show what had been his fate.

The next morning, with favoring winds and tide, they worked through the dangerous passages of Hell Gate and continued down the East River, past Blackwell's Island, to New York.

The captured pirates were handed over to the police, and a full account of the affair given to the papers, creating quite a sensation.

Mike and Gabby at once became the heroes of the hour, and one of the illustrated papers went so far as to illustrate Gabby's feat of rais-

ing one of the pirates away from his shipmates.

The captain was also greatly delighted, and presented each of them with a new sailors' outfit, and gave them a day on shore after the cargo had been unloaded.

And two such rollicking-looking sailor boy ducks as Mike and Gabby were it would be hard to find.

They looked even more alike than ever, and as they swaggered up Fulton Street in their new clothes, a few of their old friends who recognized them called for three cheers for the Mulcahey Twins, and they were given with a will.

CHAPTER X.

THE Mulcahey Twins, Mike Mulcahey and Gabby Grimes, enjoyed themselves at their fullest bent while on shore, and after the fame that the papers had given them, they were everywhere regarded as a pair of trumps, and treated accordingly.

Having got over their sea-sickness and general disgust for the water, they resolved to go a trip or two more on board the *Mary Jane*, and continue their new life until something better or more exciting turned up.

Before sailing again, they went in company with the mate before the Grand Jury, and gave their evidence against the river thieves, which fixed them sure enough for ten years each at Sing Sing.

And when their holiday was over they went on board the schooner again and prepared to resume the duties of sailors, although New York still had so many attractions for them that they found it hard to tear themselves away from it.

The trip to New London was without any especial incident; but when they reached there they obtained a day's leave and went on shore to see what fun they could scare up.

They looked very gallus with their sailor suits, which the captain had given them, although it was no extraordinary sight to see sailors on shore in their best suits, yet the spectacle of two young fellows so nearly of an age and size, dressed so much alike, one being black and the other white, created quite a sensation on the street.

"I say, Gabby, der ye sa 'em oglin' us?" asked Mike.

"Dat's nuffin', dey's lookin' at me," said he, bracing up, and swaggering along.

"At you! What for?"

"On 'count ob my beauty, ob course. Don't you s'pose de folks down heah got any taste?"

"Not if they're gettin' mashed on yer good looks. Come in an' have some lager," he added, leading the way into a saloon.

"Dem's my hankerins, chile."

Going into the saloon they found several persons there who were waiting for some one to ask them to drink. But they were both familiar with these sort of fellows, and so took no notice of them, but calling for two glasses of lager, prepared to drink them.

The bummers, however, were not disposed to be snubbed in this way. They evidently thought that the "twins" were a pair of "flats," and could easily be spunged out of the drinks.

"I'll take beer in mine," said one of them, sauntering up to the bar.

"Hoist out a mug of the same medicine for me, Tom," said another, speaking to the bar-keeper.

"And I guess I'll take beer, seeing as you are all going for it," put in a third.

"Oh, they want us to drink, do they?" drawled a fourth, loafing up to the bar. "Wal, I'm not proud. I'd as lief drink with a couple of sailor lads as a pair of aldermen, if one of 'em is black."

Mike looked at Gabby and winked, at the same time touching glasses with him, but pretending not to hear or notice what the loafers were up to.

"Here's to ye, young fellers," said one of them.

"Here's looking at ye, Gabby," said Mike, just as though his shipmate had spoken instead of the bummer.

"Here we go, my lad," said another.

"Yes, here we go, Gabby," said Mike again.

They drank their beer, and then Mike placed ten cents upon the bar, and started to go.

"Hold on, young fellow, here is only ten cents," said the bar-keeper.

"How much is your beer a glass?"

"Five cents."

"Well, all right; that pays for two."

"But you've had six."

"The devil we have! When?"

"Why, here's six in the party."

"Do me and me twin here make six?" demanded Mike, never once looking at the others.

"No; but don't you see the others here?"

"An' fat have we ter do wid 'em?"

"They drank with you."

"They did? Who axed 'em?"

"You did," said they all.

"Divil a wanst."

"Yes you did. Pay for yer drinks," said one of them, swaggering up to Mike.

"I have paid for me drinks, bad luck ter ye for a bummer. What d'er take me for, a sucker?" said Mike, bracing right up to him.

"You pay for that treat!"

"Yer may bounce me if I do."

"I'll bounce yer if yer don't."

"Come try it on, yer big loafer."

The fellow made a dive for Mike, but he was instantly on the alert, and, warding off his blow, sent in one on the rascal's nose that fairly staggered him.

This was an unexpected turn of affairs, and so another of the loafers leaped up and went to the assistance of his friend. He was just on the point of stealing up behind Mike to catch him unawares, when Gabby lowered his head like a billy-goat and butted him over a table, upsetting it and knocking another of the party sprawling over upon the floor.

The fourth one evidently concluded that he didn't want any of that kind in his, and so made tracks for the door without loss of time.

Mike polished off his man in a short time, and Gabby stood ready, shaking his head, to help, should there be any further interference.

But there was none. The loafers soon found that they had stirred up a hornet's nest, and cried "enough," while the bar-keeper, seeing that his little beat was about to fail, called out to them to stop or he would call an officer.

"Call a dozen of them if ye loike. Faith, I don't think ye'd care ter have 'em know the kind of a dive ye kape here."

"Oh, that's all right. They were only fooling."

"They war, hey?"

"Wonder how dey likes my kind ob foolin'?" demanded Gabby.

"That's all right. Come and take a drink with me," said the bar-keeper, coaxingly.

"Divil a wanst. I'd sa yer bloody ould saloon in the bottom of the Thames afore I'd take a drap wid ye. Der yer want some more?" he asked, turning to the fellow who was nursing his nose.

"Oh, that's all right now; you go on," said he.

"Faith, I'll go on and finish me job if ye give me any more of yer gab."

The fellow turned away, and as no one present seemed inclined to say anything more, or offer any further resistance, they turned to go.

"Moind yer don't pick us up for a pair of suckers again," said he, as they went out.

But no remark greeted his taunt, and the "twins" returned victorious.

"Golly, I bets dat chap'll hab de backache one week, fo' shua," said Gabby, as they continued their walk.

They had no further adventure that day, and after seeing the city, they returned to the schooner, well pleased with themselves and the world at large.

The next day, after they had nearly finished

taking in cargo, an old countryman and his wife, mounted on a load of produce of various kinds, drove down upon the wharf.

They were a curious-looking couple, and drove a horse that might have been in the Revolutionary cavalry, so far as his age was concerned, and as for looks, he resembled an animated brush heap quite as much as he did a horse. Altogether it was a comical turnout from end to end.

Even before they came to within a dozen rods of where they were taking in the freight, they could see the old lady's nervousness as she caught hold of the reins, and tried to keep the horse back.

"Hold on now, Elezar Parslow; she might get skeery an' jump overboard with us," said she.

"Oh, pshaw, Hannah, she arn't afeared of the water. G'lang, Tabby," he cried, jerking the reins savagely.

There was just about as much danger of the horse running away, or running at all, in fact, as there was of her ever being handsome again. She looked twice as likely to lay down and go to sleep.

But the old lady was bound to be nervous.

"Hold on, Elezar; you're near enough. Ask somebody," said she, pleadingly.

The captain was standing on the deck, looking after the loading of the vessel.

"I say, you, Mister," called the old farmer, "is that are the slupe *Mary Jane*?"

"Yes; right this way," replied the captain.

"Are yu sure?"

"Certainly."

"Slupe *Mary Jane* as runs down to New York with things?"

"Yes, yes."

Mike and Gabby became interested at once.

"Whar's the captin'?" squealed the old woman.

"I am the captain. What do you want?"

"Want tu send some truck tu New York."

"All right; drive up here."

"Arn't thar no danger?"

"I guess not."

"Won't this consarn break down? ne asked looking at the planking of the wharf.

"Nonsense; drive along."

"Wal, my ole mar's kinder skittish."

"Yes, she looks skittish," said the captain, laughing.

"Bejabbers, I think a barrel of powder'd be the only thing that wud make the ould baste lep," said Mike.

"Guess a barrel ob oats make her leap de mos," replied Gabby.

"Wal, she arn't the puttiest critter that ever was, but she's right ticklish 'round her heels, yet," said the old man, jerking the reins and banging the old beast with a big stick.

"Faith, I'd hate ter be kicked ter death wid that baste!"

"Why so?" asked the mate.

"Because I'd be so long a dyin'."

"Golly! I'd hate ter be a hoss fly, an' 'pend on dat animal fo' grub."

"An' sure two of 'em wud starve ter death if they tackled her."

"Now yu are sure that this is the scuner *Mary Jane*, be yu?" asked the old man, who by this time had driven up within a few yards of where the captain stood.

"To be sure I am," he replied, impatiently.

"An' you're the captin'?"

"Yes, yes. What have you got?"

"Wal, I've got ten bushels of pertates; five bushels of turnips; three bushels of carits, an' ten dozen fust-rate eggs."

"Yes, we laid 'em all ourselves; none of your boughten eggs, these arn't," said the old woman.

"Well, are they all well packed?"

"All right an' tight, captin'."

"And you wish me to sell them for you?"

"Great pumpkins! No. Du yu s'pose I'd trust all this stuff with a stranger? Not much."

"No? Well, what do you propose doing?"

"Why, I'm goin' down tu York myself. I was never in York in all my life, and so I promised

Hannah if she'd stay tu hum, and see to things, I'd go down an' sell a little truck, an' buy her a few things."

"No, Mister Captin', I don't want him to go, not one bit; but he's been a-coaxin' an' a-coaxin' me for the last five years tu let him go. He's gittin' reckleser an' reckleser the older he grows, an' 'pears to me that he had just as lief get shipwrecked as not."

"Nonsense, Hannah, thar aren't no danger."

"That's it; that's the way you talk, Elezar Parslow, when you know folks are gettin' shipwrecked every day of their lives," said she, sharply.

"But I should not advise you to go," said the captain.

"Oh, I'm bound tu go, captin'. I'm not a boy, yer bet. I b'long to Revolutionary stock, I du, an' thar never was a Parslow that was afraid of anything."

"All right. Unload," said the captain, smiling and turning away.

"Howly mother! do ye moind that, Gabby? He's goin' wid us," whispered Mike.

"By gosh, we hab some fun fo' shua."

"You bet we will," and the two boys almost danced in anticipation of it.

With the assistance of the mate the barrels were soon unloaded and taken on board.

"Now, Elezar Parslow, yu must be awful careful. Remember what I've told yu so often."

"Oh, that's all right, Hannah."

"But yu might forget. Hang right on tu somethin' until yu git clean thar."

"Oh, yes," he replied, impatiently.

"Remember, Elezar, yu never was tu sea afore, an' if yu should git cast away. An' then that York, I've hearn such dreadful stories 'bout the wickedness of it. Look out, now, for there's no knowin' what might happen."

"Oh, that's all right; I'll take care of him," said the captain.

"Wall, I wish yu would, for he's never been tu sea in his life."

"Now, yer go right back home, Hannah. an' see tu things," said he, coaxingly.

"But when will yu be back?"

"We shall be here a week from to-day," said the captain.

It took them fully half an hour to separate and to get the old mare turned towards home, during which she repeated the injunctions she had given him at least a dozen times, greatly to the delight of the "twins" and the others.

But finally she was out of sight, and preparations were begun for sailing.

The old man was very curious and nervous after he had been left alone, and the captain wished with all his heart that he had left him behind, although Mike and Gabby were delighted.

The sails were hoisted, and the bow of the schooner began to swing out into the stream.

"Oh, I say," yelled the old man, "she's luce."

A loud laugh from all hands greeted him.

"Great hookey, is she goin' now?"

"Sure we're goin' less nor a mile a minit," said Mike.

"Mile a minit! You don't say so?" and the old man looked around in surprise, while grasping a rope to stay himself.

As soon as the bows had swung off sufficiently, the stern lines were thrown off, and then, in reality, "she was luce."

The astonished farmer stood watching the work of the crew, all unable to account for what was going on, but becoming more and more certain every moment that "the scuner was luce."

At length, when a few rods away from the wharf, the schooner stood off on a tack over towards Fort Griswold, and as the boom swung around it caught the old man alongside of the head, knocking him over and sending his old hat into the water.

Mike and Gabby roared with laughter, but as he was not hurt much, he gathered himself up hastily and angrily.

"Everlastin' hams an' wooden nutmegs?" he

exclaimed, rubbing his head, "who did that? who hit me?"

The captain, who stood at the wheel, attempted to explain the affair, but the old fellow was too mad to listen.

He felt sure that somebody had hit him, or that he had been kicked by a mule.

"Gosh all thunder! I can lick the chap as did that, or my name ain't Elezar Parslow!" he yelled, smacking his fists together savagely. "Whar's my hat?" he added, just then discovering that it was gone.

"It went overboard," said the mate.

"Wal, why in thunder don't you stop the scuner an' get it?"

"Confound your old hat, I wouldn't put about for a thousand like it," said the captain.

"Great preachers! What am I tu du?"

"Fold yer ears up over yer head ter kape it warm," said Mike.

"Young man, I don't want no sass from yu. Thar she goes!" he added mournfully, as he gazed astern and beheld his old cady floating in the wake of the schooner.

"I say, boss, he'd make a good eel-pot," said Gabby, laughing.

"Yu shut up yure sass, yu darned little chunk of Injun rubber! Oh, Lordy! what shall I du for a hat? An' thar I've had that hat for forty years an' my father owned it as much more. Oh, Lordy, no wonder that Hannah warned me agin the dangers of the sea."

"I'll find you a cover, ole man," said Gabby, going down into the fore-castle.

"What would she say if she knowed I had lost my Sunday hat?" and the mournful tone of his voice was only equaled by the sad and woe-begone expression of his face.

Presently Gabby returned, bringing his old cap, the one we have seen him pictured in so often during these adventures.

"Heah you am, ole man. Make you look like a fightin' cock," said he, handing it to him.

"I don't want to look like a fightin' cock, rot blast yer black picture."

"Oh, put it on," said the captain.

"Why, it's a darned boy's cap."

"Well, it's the best we have got, and it will not blow off so easily as a hat."

The old man turned the cap over, and looked at it contemptuously.

"Git under cover," said the mate.

"Try it on."

The old farmer glanced around angrily at the crew, and then pulled the hat on to his head as much as he could, but on account of its being several sizes too small for him, he could only get it on far enough to make himself look even more comical than he did with his old-fashioned plug on.

The twins could not help laughing right out, but the captain and mate assured him that he looked first rate in it, and gradually he became partially reconciled to the forced swap.

By this time the schooner had proceeded so far on her way that she began to feel the motion of the waters a little, and this created more interest than pleasure, for the farmer, who was clinging to one of the stays, and looking wistfully towards the shore.

"How is she now, captin'?" he asked.

"Oh, she's going on all right."

"Water's gettin' putty humpy, arn't it?"

"Oh, no, this is uncommonly smooth."

"No danger of her 'divin' under, is ther?"

"Oh, no."

"Seems tu me it's awful wabbly," he muttered, glancing around.

Just then a fresh breeze from off shore struck the schooner, and she stood gracefully over before it, and instantly showed better speed.

"Look out, captin'! she's tippin' over!" yelled the old man, clinging to the stay with even greater tenacity.

A loud laugh greeted him from all hands.

"I tell yu she's tippin' over? Darn the old tub. I've knowed ever since we started that she wasn't flat-bottomed, an' was liable tu roll over like a log. Wish to thunder I hadn't come in her."

"So do I," replied the captain, while the boys were nearly dying with laughter at the old man's fright.

The breeze freshened, and she stood over still more.

"Don't yu see she's tippin' over?"

"Take a reef in your chin, old man, or I shall be obliged to shut you up down below," said the captain.

"Darn it; we shall all be shut up down below afore long, I guess. Now really, captin, arn't there danger in her?"

"None at all. Please keep quiet."

"Great oceans! it's no wonder folks get drowned goin' tu sea, if this is how they du," he muttered.

With considerable effort, he left his place where he had been standing so long, and staggered forward to where Mike and Gabby were stationed.

"Put me ashore; I'll walk the rest of the way. Oh, what would Hannah say?"

"She'd say you was a great booby, if she knew what she was talking about."

"Oh, run her ashore, du."

The crew indulged in another laugh, and in fact they were having it as good as a circus.

"Lay down, old man, and take a rest."

"No, no; I want to be on my feet when she goes down," he moaned.

The boys chaffed the old fellow for an hour or more, and during the time the breeze had freshened considerably; so that now, when they had reached the mouth of the Thames and were catching the cross waves or "chops," where the river and Sound waters meet, the schooner was bouncing around quite lively, although not in the slightest danger.

"Young man, you seem like a likely feller," said he, addressing Mike.

fellow was, never having been on the water before, and how a light wave had been shipped at the mouth of the Thames that had knocked him sprawling upon the twins, who stood laughing at him.

"Oh, Hannah, I'm gone! Stop her, captin—I'll give ten dollars tu be put ashore. Put me ashore, captin, and you may have all my eggs an' garden truck. We're sinking!" he cried.

Captain, mate and the Mulcahey Twins were so convulsed with laughter that they could make no reply, for the comical look of the old fellow, with Gabby's cap on, struggling to his feet, and pawing the salt water out of his eyes, was too much for them.

"Oh, captin, have yu got a feller feelin' in yer buzzum?"

"I've got no feller feelin' in my bosom," replied the captain, laughing.



"What's de matter wid you anyway?" "Faith, Gabby, it's homesick I am," said Mike, mournfully.

"What's the matter, pop? Ye haven't yer sa legs on, have ye?" asked Mike.

"Great whales! Don't talk tu me 'bout sea legs; one pair's mor'n I can manage," said he, mournfully.

"I'll tell yer what der trouble is."

"Wal, du, for goodness sake," said he, for sea-sickness was fast getting the best of him.

"Yer wants ter let out yer mainsail, take a reef in yer coat-tail, belay yer gab, open yer scuppers, an' have yer swabs ready."

"Du tell! Is that what yu do?"

"To be sure," and both of the boys, laughed heartily.

"Don't make fun of a man that's old 'nough tu be your pa, but tell me honestly, arn't there no danger?"

"Not yet, only wait'll we get out inter ther Sound, then we may trate ye ter a shipreck as'll do yer heart good."

"Great whales! yer don't say so."

"Oh, captin, hold on! Stop her, du!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Yes. I'm loikely ter have some fun afore we get down ter New York," replied Mike.

"Now, I can't swim, an' if we all go tu smash an' shipwreck, an' yu get ashore, won't you find my wife, Hannah, an' tell her all about it? Oh, stop her, captin. I know we shall go down, an' I verily believe yu want tu drown me. My eggs'll all get tipped over an' smashed. Stop her!"

Just then she shipped a wave that knocked the unhappy farmer over on top of Mike and Gabby, where he lay, yelling like a stuck pig:

"Stop her! stop her! we're all going down tu thunder!"

CHAPTER XI.

MIKE and Gabby managed to extricate themselves from the frantic embrace of Farmer Parslow, who had taken passage on the *Mary Jane* from New London to New York with a small load of garden truck and hen fruit, and struggled to their feet.

It will be remembered how frightened the old

"Run her ashore, captin, an' I'll give yu a mortgage on my farm; I will, I swow to goodness. Only let me git onter dry land agin an yer may baste my mutton if I ever go tu sea agin."

"Nonsense, man, you are all right."

"No, I'm not. I'm not used tu goin' tu sea; don't yer see?"

"But you are not out at sea now; only a mile or two from land."

"An', oh, I'd give fifty bushels of pertaters if I could only straddle that distance. The fact is, captin, I don't feel well. I'm 'fraid I shall lose my dinner."

"Well, that will do you good."

"No, I'll be goldarned if it will. Dinners cost money now-a-days. Lemme go ashore."

"Well, go ahead," replied the captain.

"Jump overboard and swim," said Mike.

"Walk off on your ear," suggested Gabby.

"Boys, I'm a sick ole man, an' yu can sass me as much as yu like, I 'spose," said he, turning sadly upon them.

"Better jerk a piece of fat pork, boss."

"Better make yer will, ole man."

"Keep right on with your insultin' sass. I don't care anyhow. I say, captin', I'm going to lay right down on your schooner and die, an' my blood will be on yer hands," said he, steadying himself towards midships, where there were some coils of rope which looked tempting.

"Oh, I guess you arn't going to die just yet, my friend."

"Yes, I am. I've lived long 'nough. I might'er knowd it would kill me. Hannah knows more'n I du, I acknowledge. Oh, Hannah, if you could only see your poor Elezar now!" and, utterly overcome, he sank down upon a coil of rope and wanted to die.

The truth was, the old farmer was getting very seasick, and you know how that makes one feel.

"Brace up, pop; it'll be rougher by-and-by," whispered Mike.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned.

They all laughed at the miseries of the old man, each in turn having experienced the same feelings.

"I say!" shouted Mike, stooping down close to his ear, "there's a hurricane coming."

"Let her come. I—I don't care," said he.

"We shall be lost."

"All right."

"Don't ye want to say somethin' afore we go down?"

"Yes; go ter the devil!" moaned the old man, without moving.

"Let him alone, boys. He'll feel better presently," said the captain.

"Don't forget when you and Gabby were in the same fix," said the mate.

"Faith, I'll never forget it," said Mike.

Being favored with a good breeze, the schooner bowled along at a lively pace, when once out upon the blue waters of the Sound, as there was nothing to do but to let her have her own way and continue to go ahead, it was but natural that the "twins" should soon get hungry for some mischief or other.

Farmer Parslow still lay upon the coil of ropes, groaning and wishing himself dead, as the captain and mate went below for grub, leaving the wheel lashed and the deck in charge of the two boys. He was still wet to the skin from the ducking that he had received by the wave shipped some time before, and so Gabby thought another pailful would do him no harm, and possibly some good. At all events, he knew that the mate had given him the benefit of one when he was seasick.

So he threw the bucket overboard, and drawing it up full of water, he chucked it into the old fellow's face, causing him to yell like a booted kiodle.

"Oh! oh! we're sinking!" he gasped.

"Yes, yes! Brace up!" shouted Mike.

"Down we go!" shouted Gabby.

"Oh, Lord! Yes, I—I confess; I—I cheated Farmer Pillsbury on that cow trade; I said Mr. Fugler gave short weight, and that Mrs. Bouncer wasn't no better nor she ought to be. Forgive me! Oh, oh, Hannah!" he groaned.

"The old chap's givin' himself away bad."

"Golly, guess nudder bucketful make him own up dat he rob hen-roosts."

"No, don't give him any more now. Let's hang him up ter dry."

"Dat's so," replied Gabby, and in a few moments they were all ready for the continuation of their lark.

Placing the hook of a teakle down his neck and getting a good hold under the collar of his vest and coat, they commenced to pull him up, first to a perpendicular position, with his feet on the deck, although his legs were so shaky that they were of no use to him, and then they lifted him entirely from his poor pins and sent him up about ten feet in the air.

This and the bucket of water did more for him than anything that could have been suggested, and the way he kicked, struck out and yelled was a caution.

This alarm, together with the loud laughing of Mike and Gabby, convinced the captain that

they were up to some deviltry or other, and so he hurried on deck.

"What the devil are you doing there?" he demanded.

"Hanging his nibs up ter dry, sure."

"I'll hang you up, you rascals."

Oh, captin', if you'll only flog thunder out o' them tew boys, I'll give you half I get for my eggs and garden sass," cried the old farmer, as he twisted and pawed the air.

"Lower him at once!"

"Aye, aye, sir," they both replied, and the next instant the farmer was standing on the deck again, still seasick, but oh, how mad.

"Rot blast your black and white pictures! If ever I git over this ere spell, I'll shake the socks right off of yer, see if I don't," said he.

"Want to dry, don't yer?" asked Mike.

"Never you mind what I want. I know what I'll do if I ever get on dry land again," he replied, going for the coil of rope once more.

"Be quiet now and let him alone, or you won't get any supper," said the captain, going below with a grin on his face.

Gabby felt so good that he stood on his head, and Mike emptied a dipper of water down his trousers leg, causing him to get upon his feet again in short order.

"Golly! thought dar war a snake crawlin' up my leg," said he.

"So there was, a wather snake."

Gabby shook the water out of his trousers the best he could, and then they both went over to the side of the schooner where Farmer Parslow was shifting cargo in favor of the fishes.

"Go it, ole man! Boot-tops come next," said Gabby.

"Now, then, heave, ho!" put in Mike, as the old man retched in the agony of a misunderstanding with his stomach.

"But he was too much occupied just then to answer."

"Le's man de pump an' help him."

"No, let's toss him overboard."

"Wal, over he goes."

"Now then!" and they approached as if to carry out the suggestion.

But the old chap was just then feeling as though he didn't care a cent, and consequently didn't scare worth a cent.

"I'll tell yer what's good for it, pop. Swalley some whale oil ter settle yer stummick."

"Swab out yer froat wid goose greese," added Gabby.

But just then the captain came on deck, and they turned away.

"Boys, I'll have to keelhaul you if you don't let that old man alone," said he.

"Captin', if you'll kill 'em both, I'll pay all expenses," moaned Parslow, now a trifle better than he had been.

"I'll see that they don't bother you any more. Go below to grub!"

"Dat's my kidney complaint, boss."

"Sure, captain darlint, ye've touched me on me wakeness," added Mike.

"Down with you!"

"Ya, we down with us, an' wid de grub, too," and they both disappeared down the cabin stairs.

"How do you feel now?"

"Oh, captin', I feels jest orful. Whar be we now?"

"Bowling along down the Sound."

"Gettin' any nearer tu land?"

"Well, we are getting nearer to New York land, if that is what you mean."

"Why didn't I mind Hannah," he moaned.

"Oh, you'll be all right presently. Here, drink this," said he, handing him some brandy in a glass.

"Is it medicine, captin'?"

"Yes, it will do you good. Drink it."

"Wal, I don't care much what happens me, so here she goes," and he drank it down.

"How does that taste?"

"Fust-rate captin'," he said, smacking his lips, "them's spirits, arn't it?"

"Yes, that was brandy."

"Oh, Hannah, what'll happen me next?" he groaned, looking piously upward.

"Why, what's the matter with that?"

"Oh, nothing, captin', only it's spirits."

"Spirits. Well, of course it is, but it will settle your stomach and do you good."

"But I'm a temperance man, captin'."

"Well, what of it? You took that for medicine."

"That's so, an' alfred good stuff it was. I almost think as how my stummick arn't hardly settled yet," said he, insinuatingly.

"All right," said the captain, laughing, and giving him another drink.

"I say, captain, I almost wouldn't mind bein' sick all the way down if I could have such medecine as this ere," said he, and then drank it with a gusto.

From that moment he wasn't troubled any more with seasickness, but, on the contrary, he was as ugly as a setting hen, and tried to get even with Mike and Gabby for the pranks they had played upon him.

"Darn your black an' white picters! if I don't get square with yu afore I get tu York, my name isn't Elezar Parslow," said he, shaking his fist at them.

"What's der matter wid yer, 'Lezar?"

"Pull down yer vest, ole man," and they both darted up into the rigging to avoid him.

"I'll pull down your trousers, and spank yu till yu see stars, if I get a hold on yu onct."

"Wipe off your chin!"

"Button up yer lip!"

"What d'er yer say?"

"I'll let yu know what I say."

"Hire a hall, 'Lezar, an' say it all ter onct," cried Mike.

"Come, come, now. Belay that!" cried the captain.

"Are yu goin' to let 'em keep on sassin' me, captin'?"

"No. You come aft here with me and let them alone, and they won't molest you."

Reluctantly the old man obeyed, and the "twins" came down to the deck and went forward laughing. That racket was up for the time being, and they had to content themselves with talking matters over and planning for the future.

Night soon came on, and as there were dark, threatening clouds in the west, the captain concluded that there might be a blow, and so hurried the old man into his bunk so as not to have him around when it came.

About nine o'clock it came, a squall, accompanied with heavy thunder and sharp lightning.

The schooner was prepared for the blow, the mainsail having been double-reefed, and everything else lowered but the main-jib.

But at the first clap of thunder, Farmer Parslow rolled out of bed and howled like a stuck pig.

"There comes that confounded old fool," growled the captain, who was having all he could do at the wheel.

"Better let the boys at him," suggested the mate.

"Oh, captin', where be yu?" he cried, as he came up the cabin stairs with nothing on but his shirt; "has she bust?"

Just then another weird flash, quickly followed by a terrific peal of thunder, frightened him so that he tumbled back again, bawling louder than ever.

As for the "twins," they didn't feel quite so full of the old boy as they might have done under other circumstances, for as yet they had never experienced such a squall as this, and yet they obeyed orders like veteran tars.

"Oh, captin', where be yu?" again came from the head of the cabin stairs, as the old chap crept up tremblingly.

"Here I am. What's the matter? Go below and turn in; it's only a thunder shower."

"Oh, captin', but it's awful. 'an we might get struck."

"Yes, if you don't go below you might get struck," growled the captain.

"Oh, how dark it is!" and just then another flash lighted up the vessel and her surroundings like a calcium light, causing the old farmer to yell bloody murder again.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, the wind was blowing a gale, and these, together with the thunder and lightning, made up a grim picture for all hands save the captain and mate, who had often encountered such storms.

And Parslow insisted upon standing at the head of the stairs, and whining like a big baby.

"Hadn't I better dress, captin'?"

"No. If we go down you won't need your clothes," replied the mate.

"Oh, Lord! Why did I ever come? I know we shall be shipwrecked, and besides the thunder 'll spile all my eggs. Oh, dear, if Hannah could only see me now—oh!"

Just then, Mike, who had stolen up behind him in the darkness, with a bucketful of water, gave it to him good, and then darted away.

When assured that all danger was over, old Parslow fell asleep, and they had no more of his gab that night.

The next day broke bright and lovely. A gentle and favorable breeze was blowing and the *Mary Jane* was almost at her journey's end, having reached Hell Gate by eight o'clock, having good tide and wind to carry her through.

On getting near to land the old farmer's courage returned to him, and he swelled about the deck as big as a country rooster, telling about what he was going to do when he got down to the city, and even going so far as to try to make them believe that he hadn't been afraid any of the time, only a little fidgety.

But all hands were too busy now to pay much attention to him, and so he was left to

"Oh, only 'bout seven hundred feet, that's all," replied Mike, coiling up a rope.

"Fire and brimstone! But we did almost everlastingly flog them ere Britishers, didn't we?"

"Faith, we kicked ther stuffin' out of 'em."

"Darned if we didn't. But I say, where's that ere Hell Gate I've hearn tell on?"

"Sure, we came through it an hour ago."

"No, did we, though? Wal, now, I didn't smell nothin'."

"An fat did ye expect ter smell?"

"Why, sulphur an' brimstone, of course."

"Oh, ye are ther worst flat I iver seen," said Mike, laughing loudly.

"Wall, boy, I don't care a darn what you call me, so long as I've been to Bunker Hill Monu-



"Gosh, I guess we're on de sea. Whoo!" he exclaimed, as they rode over the top of a big wave and then went down again.

"Great gosh! captin', she's shipped a sea!" said he, struggling to his feet.

"Well, if you had been below, where you belong, it wouldn't have troubled you."

"Wal, captin', if she goes go down, will yu call me?"

"Yea, yes."

With more growls and whines he crawled back into the cabin, leaving those on deck to indulge in a hearty laugh, which they just felt like doing in spite of the storm.

But such squalls are of but short duration, and in the course of half an hour it was over with him; the moon rose, and all was again peace and tranquillity. Mike and the captain turned in while the mate and Gabby remained on watch.

stick his eyes out at the strange and wonderful sights that met his gaze on every side, although Mike managed to convince him that it was the State House which made such a show on Blackwell's Island, and Gabby assured him that the shot tower was Bunker Hill Monument.

"Great an' good Jerushy! Yu don't say so?" he exclaimed, rushing over to the larboard side, and straining his eyes towards it.

"Of course. Didn't you know dat?"

"No, I'll be eternally hornswashed if I did. Why, boy, my forefathers fit intu that ere battle. We are all fighters, we Parslows be. Yes, of course. Wal, now, yu don't mean tu say that's Bunker Hill Monument? Gosh all hemlock! and it's tall 'nough, too, arn't it?"

ment. It touches my Revolutionary spirit right off only tu look at it. How like thunder we did thrash 'em! But I say, what a powerful lot of housens thar is in this here York, and ships tu!"

"Faith, ye shud wait till ye'd sa ther city itself. The'm only the outskirts" said Mike.

"Wall, outskirts or overskirts, it's the darn-nationist big town ever I saw."

"I wonder fat she'll say when sne gets back again?" mused Mike, going to obey one of the captain's orders, and leaving the old fellow with his mouth and eyes wide open, gazing at the buildings and shipping.

It was too much for him.

He saw more even from the schooner's deck than he ever expected to see in all his life, and

he kept bothering the captain and crew with questions, which they answered him in all sorts of ways, until the sails were lowered and the *Mary Jane* drew into her berth.

But once she was made fast to the wharf he appeared to rouse from the stupor into which the wonderful sights had thrown him, and realizing that he was really in New York, he began to think about his eggs and garden sass that were stowed away in the hold.

"Now, then, whare's the man as wants to buy me out right off?" he called to several loafers who stood on the wharf.

"Look here, Mr. Parslow, you had better let me sell your stuff, for if you are not well acquainted here they will shave you out of your eye teeth," said the captain.

"Get out! P'raps you think the old man's green 'cause he cum from Connecticut; but yu bet they won't fule me much. Git 'em right out an' see me hatch 'em intu cash quicker nor a lamb can shake its tail," said he, bustling around.

"Oh, but you must wait until your things come out in turn," said the mate.

"Wal, hurry up."

The old fellow was all life and hurrah now, and as the captain went ashore to look after his business, he gave the rest no end of bother by his anxiety to get out his truck.

Finally the hatch was opened, and Mike went below to superintend the sending up of the freight, while Gabby and the mate remained on deck to pull up the various packages with the tackle and pull.

The old man was very officious, and in his anxiety he had tied a piece of rope around his waist to gird himself up and to keep his old coat from flapping about so much, and when he saw that his stuff did not come up, he got mad and went down into the hold.

Quite a crowd of idlers and curious persons had gathered on the wharf by this time to watch the old countryman, for they evidently saw fun in him.

"Why in thunder don't yu send up my things?" he demanded of Mike.

"Sure, I must get this bafe out fust," said he, hooking into another quarter and giving the signal for them to draw it up.

"Now, boy, them's my things; send 'em up next time," said he, pointing into the barrels.

"Go shoot yerself."

"None of yer sass, now."

"Pull!" shouted Mike, catching the hook of the tackle and quickly hooking it under the rope which Parslow had around his waist.

"Great thunder!" exclaimed he, as he felt himself going up. "Stop her! lemme be!" but in less than a half minute he was dangling up out of the hold, kicking, sprawling and yawling to the infinite delight of the "twins" and the crowd on the dock, where they landed him beside the beef.

"Now stay there?" said the mate, sharply.

"Stay, thunder! Lemme go down an' lick that piece of Ireland. Lemme!" he yelled.

Just then a sharp-looking fellow tapped him on the shoulder and asked him what he had to sell.

"Eggs, petaters, carits and turnips," said he, scenting a trade, and forgetting his wrath at Mike.

"Just what I want; I'll pay you market rates if they are good," said the chap.

CHAPTER XII.

"Goon!" exclaimed Farmer Parslow, as the sharper half questioned the character of the eggs and garden sass that he had brought down from New London, and which he was even then waiting to have drawn up out of the hold of the schooner *Mary Jane*. "Good! I'll bet there's nothing in New York like 'em."

"All right; my wagon is waiting here, and I will take them right up to my saloon," said he.

"Good enough, Mister; they'll be right up. The capting of this ere schuner thort as how I was tu green tu sell a little stuff," he added, with a laugh.

"Oh, these captains think they know everything," said the sharper.

While they were speaking, his barrels and boxes were hoisted out upon the wharf, and several rather suspicious-looking fellows at once caught them up and loaded them into a wagon that stood conveniently near. The old farmer was as proud as a peacock, and snapping his fingers at the mate and Gabbo, said:

"Thort the old man was green, didn't yu?"

"Well, look out for yourself, that's all. Are you going back with us?"

"Tu be sure I am. I'll be back an' let yu know all about it as soon as I get my money for my truck."

"Well, go ahead, for the team has started, and you may lose sight of it," said the mate.

The old fellow turned and was met by the sharper who had taken his truck.

"That's all right. My man has taken the stuff up to my saloon, and now we will follow on foot. Come."

"That suits me, only there's such a tarnal lot of folks an' hosses," said he, following the sharper through the crowd with much difficulty.

"I bets fo' dollars dat dey skin him out ob all he got," said Gabby.

"Faith, an' it'll sarve him right for not doin' as ther captain bid him," replied Mike, who was still at work in the hold.

"Well, maybe they think they can get a better bargain out of him than they could out of the captain," said the mate.

"Oh, I know dem chaps. They am all licensed vender cusses," said Gabby.

"Then they will skin him pretty fine."

"Fine. If he come back wid my ole cap, he do well," replied Gabby, laughing.

They laughed over the affair for some time while working away at getting the freight out upon the wharf, and as there was none as yet to be taken on board, Mike and Gabby were given permission to go ashore for the remainder of the day.

They dressed themselves in their go-ashore suits and started, as full of life and as happy-go-lucky as ever. Sauntering up Fulton Street, they began to talk over their prospects.

"Sure, Gabby, we've the mate all out of this egg," said Mike.

"Who egg, what egg—whar?" asked Gabby, looking up in surprise.

"Why this sailor-egg, ter be sure; I'm sick of it, so I am."

"What we do? took chances again?"

"Yes; or go a long voyage somewhere, said Mike.

"Want ter get back ter Ireland?"

"Faith, no more'n yu want ter get back ter Africa. But I want big fun, an' sure we can't get it on a little packet."

"Well, by gosh, we got big fun in a big city. New York's good 'nough fo' dis chile."

"Then, begob, it's good enough for me," said Mike, resolutely. "But will we go ter New London agin?"

"I don't care, only I'd like ter see de ole man back again."

"Well, say we give ther captain notice of our quittance this trip."

"Dat's good 'nough fo' me, Mike. Guess me hang 'round New York fo' a few weeks, eh?"

"Shure, I'm aisy wid anything."

As they turned the corner of Front Street they heard a familiar voice, and, looking up, they saw old Farmer Parslow, hatless and coatless, running around like a crazy man. Stopping a Dutchman, and seizing him by the coat-collar, he asked:

"Say, yu seen anything of a load of garden truck 'round here?"

"Vas vos dot 'bout some garten drucks? Guess you is got some cranks on you," replied the astonished Dutchman, pulling away from him.

"Yu see, a couple of darned smooth-talking chaps said as how they wanted tu buy my truck for a salune, or some other kind of a tavern,

an' I've lost sight on 'em an' my truck tu," said the old man, pathetically.

"Go mit ter duyfle! Vat I know 'bout dot truck or gart?" he demanded.

"Wal, I didn't know but yu might have seen it, bein' as you live here."

"Go shood yourself. mid your vest pull down!" said he, striking the farmer's hand from his coat, and moving away.

"Gosh all hemlock!" whined the old man, "where did that critter go?"

Mike and Gabby understood the case at once, but they kept out of sight and watched to see what would come of it.

"Say, yu, Mister Soldier," said he, going up to a policeman, "hain't seen nothing of a lot of garden truck running round here luce, have yu?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"'Bout ten dozen fresh laid eggs; five bar'ls pertaters; tu bar'ls turnips, an' one bar'l of carits. Ain't seen 'em—eh?"

"No. But you are off your nut, old man, I guess. What's the matter with you?" asked the officer, taking a look at him.

"Wal, you see I come down from New London on the schuner *Mary Jane*, an' brung along this are truck tu sell. Down here on the wharf I met a good-lookin' chap, who axed me what I had tu sell, an' when I told him he said it was just what he wanted for his salune, and that his teams would take it right along."

The officer smiled, for he began to see the point right away.

"Wal, three or four of his men loaded the stuff on tu his waggin an' druv off, while the man with the salune told me tu walk up with him an' he'd pay me. Wal, we hadn't gone more'en ten rods afore he sed to me, 'Hold on while I go inter the bank an' draw some money; I held on for 'bout tu hours, an' when I went in tu find what hed become of him, thar was not a darned thing tu be seen only a side door that went out on another street."

"Old man, you have been bilked," said the officer.

"What's that?"

"Cheated."

"Now, Mister Soldier, it struck me that way, an' I am jist agoin' to find that air darned scamp, if it takes me a week."

"Nonsense! You'll never find him or your goods. They were professional beats."

"Darned if I care. No beats are goin' ter beat me out of my turnips and things."

"They are probably over on the west side, and have sold everything before this time. Best thing you can do is to go to the station-house and leave a description of your property and the thieves."

"No, I'll be gol darned if I go anywhere. I'm goin' tu stay right 'round here till I see that oily chap; an' if he don't give me my money or my garden truck, thar'll be the gol darndest, alfiredest wrastlin' match right here in the road that ever yu seen. I'm a kickin' cow when I get my darnder up, for I b'long tu a fightin' race, I du. My grandfather fit all thru the Revolution, an' helped lick sticks out of them ere Britishers, right here on Bunker Hill."

The officer laughed in spite of himself, as did the crowd that had gathered.

"Yu may larf jist as much as yu darned please, but I shall shake the beeswax right out of that chap if I find him."

"Where is your hat and coat?"

"Lost 'em down here. I asked a couple of chaps if they'd seen anything of my garden sass, an' they tried tu fule me. One of 'em grabbed my cap, an' when I pulled off my coat tu lick thunder out of him, the other cuss he grabbed it an' run out of sight in a jiffy. Oh, this 'ere York's an alfired bad place."

"Well, yes, it is for some folks, and you had better look out for yourself, or you will get skinned out of your teeth," said the officer, turning to continue his patrol.

"Darn the hul pack on you; I can lick half of New York afore breakfast," said he, whereat the crowd laughed and jeered.

"I can du it. My Revolutionary grit is up, an' somethin's got tu limp. If that 'are cuss as cheated me out of my eggs an' garden sass is anywhar 'round here, let him come out here an' be licked so darned quick that he'll think he's goin' tu his own funeral," shouted the irate old farmer, looking anxiously around.

"Hillo, pop," said Mike, as he and Gabby came from a shelter where they had been watching.

"Good thunder! yu torments here tu?" exclaimed the old man, gazing from one to the other.

"Of course; why not?"

"Sold yer sass?" asked Gabby.

"Go tu everlastin' thunder," said he, turning and walking away.

of thieves. I'll show 'em what 'tis tu rob an honest man of his garden sass."

"Better go slow, ole man. Dat am a bad place in dar," said Gabby.

"That so, an' maybe the thafe as stole yer stuff arn't there."

"I'll darn soon find out," said the mad old man, dashing across the street, and entering the house.

What Mike had said was true enough, and at this particular time there happened to be eight or ten thieves gathered there.

The old fellow walked boldly up to them, and angrily demanded to know if the miserable thief who stole his eggs and garden sass was there.

This of course created a stir at once, and as

over the head with it, causing more murder to be yelled and a crowd to gather in hot haste.

Mike and Gabby attempted to interfere to save the old man, but before they could do so, a police officer seized and dragged him to his feet, still yelling and striking out blindly.

It took some moments to get the story and the witnesses, after which the officer took Parslow to the station-house, the worst-looking and most woe-begone man that ever had his "Revolutionary grit" shaken out of him.

Mike and Gabby followed to learn what was done with him. It was one of the most laughable things they had ever seen, although they could not but think that the old man had been treated rather roughly.



"Golly, guess nudder bucketful make him own up dat he rob hen roosts." "No; don't give him any more now. Let's hang him up ter dru."

"Did they bate you out of it, Mr. Parslow?" "Yes, gol darn 'em; and if I don't find it pretty soon, half of this 'ere darned city'll be ground to powder."

"Why don't yer go down in Water Street? Nearly all the thaves in the city lives there."

"All right. Whar is it?"

"We'll show ye. Come along," and Mike started in the direction of that noted street.

The old man's mad kept getting worse and worse all the time, and when Mike pointed out a notorious dance-house on the corner of Water and Dover Streets as the resort of a great many thieves, with the probabilities in his favor of his finding the rascals there who got away with his garden sass, he was all ready to go in and clean it out.

"Now you boys just wait here, an' see the ole man bounce things 'round in that 'ere den

he was both ugly and lippy, there was a fight on his hands right away that took the largest part of his "Revolutionary grit" so quick, that he never knew what became of it.

Mike and Gabby didn't even have a chance to go to his assistance before they heard a yell, together with a crash of glass, and the next instant they saw Parslow coming through a window, head first, as though the united kicks of ten mules had sent him.

As luck would have it, he landed squarely into the handcart of a fish-peddler, smashing it, and scattering the porgies, eels, and flatfish all over the sidewalk.

Parslow yelled murder, and so did the fish-peddler at first, but seeing the ruin that had been wrought upon his stock in trade, he caught up one of the largest fish by the tail and began to welt the unfortunate old farmer

On arriving at the station-house, Parslow was placed before the sergeant's desk, the names of all parties taken, after which the thieves told how the prisoner had entered the place where they were, and accused them of stealing and wanting to fight, the accommodation to which had resulted in his being fired through a window.

Then Farmer Parslow told his story.

"Maybe what they say's true, squire; I ain't got much of anything to say," said he, in a mournful tone, after which he told the story of his loss, and how he came to go into the place.

Mike stepped forward and confirmed the story, but in doing so he put his foot into the matter, for he was held as a witness, and the farmer locked up for examination, while Gabby made fast time back to the wharf where the

schooner lay, to inform the captain how matters stood.

The captain and mate had a rousing good laugh over the affair, for it had turned out even worse than they had expected, and then he proceeded to the Tombs, where Parslow would probably be brought up for examination that afternoon.

But Farmer Parslow was a broken-spirited man. His bright anticipations of New York had been knocked into a cocked hat, and he was now locked into a prison cell. All he could do was to bemoan his fate and exclaim: "What would Hannah say?"

It was rather rough on the old man, but he went in too fresh and got bounced, as a natural consequence.

As the captain had calculated, the old farmer was brought up before a police magistrate at the Tombs that afternoon. But what a changed man he was. Even had his "Hannah" been there, she would have failed to recognize him. His face and hands were cut with the broken glass, and the marks of the fish that the peddler had whaled him with were visible wherever there was no blood.

The complaint against him was fighting and disturbing the peace. The story of his going into the dance-house was told, together with that of his coming out, and as the captain had engaged a lawyer for him, the old man was placed upon the stand and made to tell his story regarding the affair.

It was both pathetic and comical, and as it was confirmed by Mike and the captain, the judge took a merciful view of the case and only fined him ten dollars and costs, but as he hadn't a cent, his friends had to pay it of course.

Finally this was arranged, and the sorrowful old farmer started to return to the schooner. But he no longer wagged his tongue loudly, but if he spoke at all, it was in a whisper, and at the same time he would glance around anxiously, as if to see that he was not being followed.

Mike stopped at a "hand-me-down" hat shop, and, while the poor victim kept on with the, captain, he purchased the most old-fashioned plug hat he could find, and followed on after them.

Once on board the vessel again, he felt better, and proceeded to wash himself, and get to looking more like a human being. Then a nip of the captain's brandy had a wonderful effect upon him, and after Mike had presented him with the hat he had bought, Mr. Parslow began to feel and act more like himself. One of the captain's old coats was also fished up out of the fore-castle, which fitted him better than no coat at all, and made slight amends for his loss.

"Oh, Lord! What would Hannah say?" he moaned, as he got under his new hat.

They all laughed, but made no reply.

"When du yu go back, captin?"

"To-morrow or next day, if I can get a freight."

"Great snakes! Du git away from this ere rot blasted hole as soon as possible," said he.

"Have you had enough of it?"

"Oh, Moses, yes, an' I guess if Hannah could see me now, she'd say so tu."

"An' won't ye try for yer things agin?" asked Mike, who, with Gabby, stood grinning in his face.

"No, never! Darn the eggs, darn the carits, turnips, pertaters an' all. I don't want tu set foot on the darn blasted town agin. Only let me git out of it once and back to Hannah, an' you'll never hear tell of my leaving Onion-town agin till I go to my own funeral."

"But if you had allowed me to sell your stuff, it would have been all right," said the captain.

"That's so, captin; why in thunder hadn't you kicked my darned ribs in an' made me du as I'd orter, when you seen I was as green as a young onion?"

"Oh, but you was bound to have your own way," replied the captain.

"Yas," mused the old man,

"Faith, he had his own way of goin' in, but

he had somebody else's way of comin' out," laughed Mike and Gabby.

The farmer groaned.

"An' oh, de way he gub it to you wid dat fish," said Gabby, laughing.

"Wal, I don't remember much 'bout that, but somehow it does seem to me that I felt something cool an' slimy 'round my head just arter I got out doors."

"I should say so."

"Wal, now, boys, didn't I go for 'em right smart?"

"Faith, you did, but I guess ye've got a good bit of 'smart' left wid ye yet," said Mike.

The old man looked at himself and groaned.

"You shouldn't have shown him the place," said the captain, "and I think it was some of your deviltry doing it."

"Faith, he wud go onyhow, for he war just spoilin' for a foight, sur."

"Yes, and he found a spoiling fight."

"Yes, I'm nearly spiled, that's a fact. All my beauty's gone. What would Hannah say?"

Just then the mate announced grub, and all but Gabby went below to eat it.

The remainder of the evening was given up to lamenting the loss of his produce and the conundrum, "What would Hannah say?"

His sleep that night was a fitful, uneasy one. He was fighting with imaginary thieves, being chucked through imaginary windows, and banged over the head with imaginary flatfish all night long.

The others got but little sleep, for he was all the while calling on "Hannah" to come to him, and muttering and kicking like a mad mule, and the captain swore that he would not take another chap like him to New York for a thousand dollars.

At midnight Mike got up to relieve Gabby and take the deck watch.

"Faith, ye'll get no slape at all, at all," said he, explaining matters to Gabby.

"Golly, I fix him," said he, going to a chest and taking out a spring or snap clothes-pin.

He went into the cabin and Mike followed to listen. Stealing up to the bunk where Parslow lay, he gently sprung the clothes-pin upon his nose and then darted away to his own bunk.

"Oh! oh! oh! They've got me agin," they heard him yell.

"What's the row there?" called the captain; angrily.

"They've got me by the nose. Help!"

The captain turned up the light and went to his bunk swearing like a pirate. The sight that met his gaze was too much to keep sober over. There lay the old countryman, half awake and pawing the air wildly with his hands, as though to fight off imaginary enemies who had him by the nose.

"You are an old ass," said he, taking the pin from his red nose. "Lay down and go to sleep now, or I will throw you overboard."

"What was it?" he whined.

The captain showed him, and at the same time turning to Gabby threatened to choke him until he was white if he didn't stop his tricks.

"Oh, Hannah, if you only knew," moaned the poor victim, and then he gradually simmered down.

The next morning all hands were up and the day's work began early. Parslow was lost sight of in the bustle and confusion, and he busied himself in watching the shipping and the doings upon the wharves around him. Gradually he became interested and at length stepped ashore and cautiously sauntered out upon the wharf towards South Street.

But he looked so green that even grasshoppers would go for him, and he had not stood there gawking around many minutes before a sharper spotted him and adroitly dropped a pocket-book near his feet, and then as adroitly picked it up again, at the same time attracting the old man's notice to the fact. It was only the old and stale "pocket-book dropping game," but it worked to a charm with him.

"Good gracious, here's somebody's pocket-book," said he cautiously, opening it so that the

old man could see its contents: "with lots of money in it, too."

"Gewhitterca! how al-fired careless folks are in this ere town," said Parslow.

"I should say so. This must be advertised, and probably a good reward will be given. But as I am just going on board the steamboat, suppose you take it and claim the reward?"

"All right, I'll du it," he replied, his eyes fairly dancing with anticipation.

"Well, give me ten dollars, and you may have all the reward," said the sharper.

"Gosh darn it, I ain't got ten dollars."

"Wait a jiffy," and away he started back to the schooner and borrowed ten dollars of the mate.

Going back he claimed the pocket-book; but while surrendering it, and taking the ten dollars, he cautioned him against showing it around there for fear that somebody might see and claim it dishonestly.

"All right," said he, and he thrust it into his breast quickly, while the sharper skipped.

Returning to the schooner he called the captain and crew around him, and after relating the circumstances, told them that he had thought he had got hunk for the loss of his produce.

"Open it and see," said the captain.

He glanced suspiciously around to make sure that no stranger was looking, and then with trembling hands proceeded to open it. It was filled with pieces of green paper, folded up so as to resemble greenbacks.

A loud laugh followed, and the old man's jaw dropped on his bosom. The mate explained the dodge to him, but he had no eyes or ears for anything but the fraud pocket-book.

"When are you goin' tu sail, captin?"

"In two or three hours."

"Wal, take an' tie me up somewhar, so as I can't get ashore agin; tie me up an' keep me 'till yu get me hum. I'm tu big a darn fule tu be let luce. Tie me up."

The others were laughing so heartily that they could scarcely move.

"I've got my belly full of this 'ere New York. Start your schuner, I'm ready," and he sat dejectedly down as far away from the wharf as he could get, and pulled his hair for the next hour.

In due time they landed him in New London, where Hannah and the old mare had been waiting half a day for him, and glad enough were they when they heard him exclaim: "Oh, Hannah!" and fall into her arms.

CHAPTER XIII.

MIKE and Gabby managed to have heaps of fun out of the old farmer, but after leaving him to his astonished wife, things wore a more sober aspect, and on their return to New York, they concluded to leave the *Mary Jane* and seek excitement and fun elsewhere.

The captain was loth to part with them, for, in spite of their inclination to mischief, they were brave, willing fellows, and had by this time become very good sailors.

But too long in one place or at one thing did not suit them at all. They had each quite a sum of money, and they resolved to imitate sailors ashore and go in for a jolly good time.

"Faith, the first thing we want is a hotel," said Mike, as they walked up Beekman street.

"Ho-tle! What sailors want ob ho-tle?" asked Gabby, indignantly.

"An' fat the devil are we ter do for bank?"

"Bah! guess sailors don't go to ho-tle much. Come down hea on Pearl Street an' find a sail-or bodin-house, if yer wants ter be high-toned."

"Sure, yer roight, Gabby. Come along," and they turned in the direction spoken of.

"Can't stay at no place mo'n five or ten years on what money we got, anyway," said Gabby, half musingly as they walked along.

"Well, we'll be sick of it by that toime."

"Ya, by golly, an' I guess the landlord git sick ob us a fo' dat time."

"Divil a wanst."

"How dat?"

"Because landlords loike permanent boarders,

an' begorra, that's fat we'd be by that toime," said Mike, laughing.

On reaching a sailor boarding-house on Pearl Street, near Ferry, they entered, and at once sought out old Jack Scraper, a notorious man among sailors ashore and at sea; for probably no man in New York has been engaged in so many rough-and-tumble affairs of all kinds, or who has "shanghaied" so many sailors as Jack Scraper.

In early life he was a sailor himself, but finding there was more money to be made at his present business he left the sea and opened the house he has now kept for twenty-five years, and it is safe to say that he is known to every sailor who has visited the port of New York since.

Some very hard stories are told of Jack and the dark transactions that have taken place in his house; but, nevertheless, he is seemingly a jolly, whole-souled fellow, fond of his grog and

They all shook their heads thoughtfully.

"Faith it's not ould London I mane, but New London," said Mike, and a loud laugh immediately followed, in which both Jack and the sailors present joined heartily.

"Good enough, my kid. You've got fun in ye," said Jack.

"Can we get housed here?"

"I guess so. Who's the cove with yer?"

"Faith, he's me twin," replied Mike, and again all hands laughed.

"Your twin! Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! And is he Irish?"

"Ter be sure. Faith, he tumbled inter a dye-pot when he war a baby."

"Great guns! Do yer hear that, shipmates?" yelled Jack, loud enough to be heard half a mile, and in reply the sailors laughed like old sea-dogs.

sailors was spinning a yarn, and after he had finished, Gabby broke out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, during which he not only gave vent to all his negro expressions, but acted out the real darkey to perfection.

This caused the sailors to open their eyes, and old Jack in particular. Coming out from behind his dingy bar with a half-comical, half-serious expression on his rough face, he placed his arms akimbo and stood before the youthful darkey, who saw what the matter was in an instant, and turned up the whites of his eyes in the most comical manner imaginable, while Mike, dropping to the thing at the same instant, looked confused and cheap enough to sell out for a song.

"Wal, now, you are a puty good black Irisher, arn't you?" said Jack.

"Who, what dat?"

"You're a nice Irisher."



Mike and Gabby heard a yell, together with a crash of glass, and the next instant they saw Parslow coming through a window, head first.

of spinning yarns, and of fun in general. There is always to be found at his house sailors of all nationalities, and from every quarter of the globe; and high old sport is often had there by sailors ashore on sprees after a voyage.

Mike marched up to the little bar that stands in the corner of the room, where about a dozen tars sat smoking, drinking and telling stories. The appearance of the two boys, one black and the other white, dressed nearly alike and so nearly of a size and age, caused the old sea-dogs to look up in astonishment.

"Are you ther boss?" he asked of Jack.

"Wal, yas, shipmate, I b'leve I boss this cabin. Whar do you hail from?" he asked.

"London, sure."

"London, hey? What ship?"

"The *Mary Jane*."

"*Mary Jane*?" he repeated two or three times as if trying to recall the vessel. "Blast my tarry top-lights if I ever heard of a London ship by that name."

"Sure, it's not a ship; she's a schooner."

"A schooner? I say, shipmates, do any of you know a schooner by the name of *Mary Jane* going between here and London?"

"Faith, it's true for me."

"Is that so?" asked Jack, addressing Gabby.

"Faith, sur, he spakes the truth," said Gabby, imitating the Irish accent finely.

"Well, by ther great bucket!" roared Jack and the sailors, "that takes my keel off. Both Irish, and one black and the other white!"

The sailors gathered around them and put all sorts of questions to Gabby, who continued to keep up his Irish dialect. He and Mike together told them a most wonderful yarn about themselves, and so well did they play it that the story was believed, and judgment solemnly passed that it beat anything they ever heard of before.

But finally a bargain was struck for board, and the Mulcahey Twins became members of the household of Jack Scraper, and two fellows who attracted more attention he never had under his roof before. The sailors were never tired of asking them questions, and for the first day the boys did not tire of answering and keeping them on a string.

But the next day Gabby gave himself away, and this was how it happened. One of the

"Ob couse."

"Faith, he's only foolin' now," said Mike.

"Yas, I guess you've both been foolin'" said Jack, and then the others broke out into a loud laugh, which drowned any further remarks that the boarding-house keeper might have made.

Mike and Gabby caught the infection, and in spite of themselves laughed as loud and heartily as any of them.

"Wal, that's all right," said Jack, when he could get a chance to speak, "but it's the worst yarn I ever heard in my life."

"Good! good! A black Irishman!" shouted the company, and they shook both Mike and Gabby by the hand and laughed long over the affair.

"Sure, he may be black outside, but he's as foine a white boy as iver I met on the inside in my loife," said Mike, and this made matters right.

The joke, with its accompanying grog, got the sailors to spinning yarns, and some of the wildest and most surprising stories that were ever heard outside of a gang of tars, were rat-

fled off by the old Jacks who sat around the room.

"Well, now, you spin us one," said one old sailor, turning to Mike.

"Faith, I've niver been on dape sas, an' me stories moight seem shaller to yers."

"Oh, go ahead, my hearty."

"But I can't think of ony."

"Yes you can. Tell us some of your experience."

"Somethin' about a pig?"

"Yes, give us the pig."

"The Widdy Mahoney's pig?"

"Yes, by all means, the widow's pig."

"But maybe there isn't a laugh in it."

"Oh, we'll risk that. Heave ahead, laddy."

"Well, this happened in ould Ireland, where me an' me twin here was born," he began, and this raised a laugh to start with, while the jolly old tars gathered around in grinning expectancy.

"Ye sa, the Widdy Mahoney lived all by herself in a little cabin about ten miles from Dublin. The cabin, barrin' a cow, a pair of hins, a rooster, a pig, a rasher of rusty bacon, a load of peat, a donkey, an' a few other household utensils, was all that was left her by her husband, Pat, who slipped his anchor an' tacked over ter the other side of Jordan. Well, the widdy soon came ter straits"—

"What straits?" asked two or three.

"Straits of alin, sure; an' one by one she parted wid iverything but her pig. An', sure, when Pat war a-dyin' he said ter her, said he, 'Molly, don't part wid der pig, an' some toime he'll grow as big as an elephant.' But Pat was a generous-hearted soul, especially when he was a-dyin', an' he had it in him ter make his widdy feel good jist afore he made her feel bad. Faith, his father was the same afore him, an' his grandfather, an' all of his relations. Sure, at the battle of Tipperary his great grandfather, who was head an' front of all the foighters, when he had his body knocked from under his head, called out ter his b'yes, an' said, said he, 'Go in, ye divils. There's a pig apiece comin' ter those as don't get kilt.' An', sure, they all turned tail and put for home when they heard it."

They all laughed, but one of them ventured to ask what that had to do with Widdy Mahoney's pig.

"Will ye be aisy now? Sure, haven't I ter get the baste's pedigree afore I spake about him? I'll soon come ter it. But, as I said afore, divil a thing had she left after a bit but the pig. An' sure, she was not much worse off nor the Widdy McCarthy, who lived a few miles beyant, for she had only a farrar hin that was left her by her husband, who thanked the Lord when He tuck him away from the tongue of his wife. But poor Tim, he was a good feller notwithstanding, an' a foiner lad wid a stick or a gurl there wasn't ter be found in seven counties of Ireland. His only fault was he loved whisky better nor hard work, although it war moighty hard worruk ter get it sometimes, although divil a haper worse was he nor Jerry Malony, who got his livin' by foightin'"—

"But how about the widow's pig?" they asked, seeing him wandering off.

"Sure, haven't I ter establish the baste's pedigree? Fat the divil koind of a pig is it that has more tail than pedigree?"

"But this seems to be more pedigree than tale."

"Ah, I'm rachin' for it by tacks," said Mike, and this restored good humor again.

"As I said afore, divil a thing had the Widdy Mahoney left but the pig her husband left her, and starvation was a-winkin' his could eye at her, as he was at many a dacint person in Ireland in those days, bad luck ter him. Sure, me own father an' mother were dead an' dyin' of starvation afore I was born, an' I was brought up on a bottle; so was Gabby here, only the milk I sucked was from a white cow an' his was from a bloody ould black goat," said he, imparting another laugh.

"Well, after many months a chap from Claire

courted the widdy, an' a nate courtship it was too, an' in due toime he married her," said he, apparently finishing his story, and looking around on the company for approval.

"Thunder!" growled one.

"Oh, batten down yer hatches!" said another.

"Well, that is a landlubber's yarn, anyhow! Is that the best yarn you can spin?"

"What the blazes had the pig to do with the widow's getting married?"

"Oh, nothin', only he was *there*," said he, with a grin on his face which soon started the others.

"Well I'll be blowed!" said one of a party.

"Fat business was it of the pig's anyhow?" he asked quizzingly.

"But what made you speak of it?"

"Haden't I ter have a foundation for me story? an' de'r think I'm such a dirty spalpeen as ter take the widdy instead of the pig?"

And so Mike got out of telling a yarn by rattling off a mess of nonsense, which, in the end, created a laugh and made him the favorite with every one present.

But he had already established himself as that, as had Gabby, and two or three portions of the long voyage crews had made up their minds to get them to join with their ship if possible.

One of these was a vessel going to Calcutta, and the other was a whaler, going for a three years voyage off among the icebergs of the north Pacific, and they both appeared inclined to take up and go with the latter.

But as yet they had not had quite fun enough, and before they shipped anywhere, they determined to have one more good old-time racket, although Jack, the boarding-housekeeper, had even by this time bargained to deliver them whenever they were wanted.

And so they went out one day to see what they could find. The streets were lined with all sorts of busy scenes, and all sorts of people were engaged in getting a living in all sorts of ways.

One cheeky and gabby individual standing on the corner of Beekman and South Streets was selling prize packages, and absolutely giving fortunes away with the utmost recklessness. Mike and Gabby drew nearer and listened to what he was saying.

"Now, then, my friends, here is a chance to get a start in life. Some people go to California, some to Australia, others plunge into the vortex of trade to reach the goal of their ambition. But here I have a shorter cut to the golden rounds of fortune. In each of these little packages there is a prize, ranging all the way from ten cents to ten dollars, and I sell them for twenty-five cents each. Only think of it! Now, gentlemen, step right up and take your choice. Select the package according to your judgment, and see what the fickle goddess of chance has in store for you. Do not be afraid, for in addition to the prizes contained in each package, there are six sheets of writing paper, six envelopes, two first-class steel pens and a holder, a paper of pins, a paper of needles, together with fifteen cents worth of various other useful articles. Now, who will be the next fortunate man? Step right up. Don't be backward in coming forward, for if you are I shall be obliged to sing you a comic song. Shall I sing, or will you trot up?"

The little knot of idlers which stood around didn't appear to be very anxious to obtain a fortune, and so he began a song. But it was a bad song, badly sung; just then an Irish policeman came along saunteringly, and hearing the attempt, he stopped.

"Fut the divil's blazes do ye call that ony-way?" he asked.

"That, sir, is an invitation to my friends here to come up and buy a fortune in one of these valuable prize packages."

"Well, begorra, if yer fortunes arn't better than your singin', the Lord help the lad as gets one of them," replied the officer, moving slowly along.

"There goes a sample of contented bigotry,

my friends. He wouldn't have a fortune if he could get one for nothing, and, besides that, he has no ear for music. Why, I have sung in Italian opera before the crowned heads of Europe, and here this man comes along to find fault with me, all because he does not love money. Now, I regard you as wiser than this man is, and to convince you how highly I esteem you I will once more offer you a chance to make your fortune. Only twenty-five cents for one of these magnificent packages. Now, then!"

"Wait a bit," said Mike, "'til ye'll sa the fun I'll have wid this cove," and he elbowed his way up to the little stand where the fellow had his prize packages arranged.

Holding out a twenty-five cent piece between his fingers, he said; "Lave me try me luck onct."

"Ah! here is a young sailor boy who scents fortune in the air. Now, my friends, just you watch him. Here you are, my young friend," said the peddler, holding out a package.

"No, lave me pick myself?" said Mike.

"All right. Make your own choice, then."

"So I will, then," saying which he rooted around among the packages and selected one for which he paid his quarter.

"Now, gentlemen, you will see how the old thing works," said the peddler. "Who will have the next one?"

No one seemed inclined to respond until they saw what Mike had got, and so they all gathered around him. The young joker had a ten-dollar bill in his hand, and he cleverly manipulated it in such a way as to make it appear that he took it out of the package. The wildest excitement followed, and he swung it over his head triumphantly.

"Whoop! Do ye moind that?" he cried.

The peddler looked confounded, for in all his life he had never known more than a five-cent piece to be put in one of the packages, and how this should happen he could not tell to save him.

"I took one ob dem yer," said Gabby, rushing wildly up to the stand with a quarter.

"All right," said the peddler, faintly; "here you are."

Gabby took the package and turned away, the crowd pressing after him. With a ten-dollar bill of his own he managed it just as Mike had done, and apparently whisking it out of the package he flourished it above his head in wild glee.

"How dat fo' high."

"There's another one," yelled the crowd.

"Here, I'll take two," said a bystander.

"I'll take four," said another.

"Begorra, I'll take 'em all," said Mike.

"No, no, give us all a chance," cried the gang, now wild with excitement.

"Give us one," cried a dozen voices, while a dozen hands were outstretched with the required twenty-five cents.

By this time the peddler had somewhat recovered himself, and suspecting that there had been a mistake made and the entire quantity of packages filled with ten-dollar bills, he concluded not to sell any more of them.

"Gentleman, the sale is over," said he, commencing to pack up his wares.

"No, hold on! Give us a show," cried the crowd.

"I'll buy ye out," yelled Mike.

"So I," put in Gabby.

"Give us all a show."

"No; the sale is over. I have an appointment with a dying wife and eleven children at this very moment."

"Bosh."

"Too thin."

"Give us a show."

"Gentleman, I will return to you as soon as I have visited the bedside of that dying wife and eleven children."

"No, no; give us a show," and before he could get his packages into the small tin trunk that he carried them in, the excited crowd pounced upon him.

They secured nearly one half of the prize

packages, and as they did so they ran in all directions for dear life, never stopping to look at the contents until well out of sight, while the peddler picked himself up and ran away with the remainder, and dodged into the nearest saloon where he thought he could examine them at his leisure and take out the ten-dollar bills, concluding that he could make a great deal more money by doing so than he could by selling them at twenty-five cents each, however brisk trade might be.

But he reckoned without his host, for Mike and Gabby followed him, and going into the saloon, watched the fellow as he got behind a screen and there ripped open the remainder of his stock in search of ten-dollar bills.

Great was their delight in anticipation of the chagrin that he would feel when he discovered the sell that had been played upon him so nicely by them.

The look of disappointment and disgust that swept over his face as he went on and finally opened the last package would have made a stone dog sick.

"How 'bout dat sick wife an' 'leven teen small children?" asked Gabby.

"Is the sale over, sure?" asked Mike, as the disgusted peddler looked up in astonishment.

The string of oaths which greeted the black and white jokers was enough to singe a cat. But the louder he swore the louder they laughed, until everybody in the saloon became acquainted with the sell, and he was laughed and hooted into the street with a lot of unsalable packages on hand.

It was a good joke, and the boys enjoyed it as only they could, and after laughing over it for some time they started for up town, still bent on fun and a happy-go-lucky frolic.

It would take more space than I have left to tell of all their doings that day, but in the evening they went to the theater and finished up by going to a Dutch ball, where they danced and played the mischief until late in the morning, when they returned to their boarding-house, well pleased, but so tired that they gladly inquired for their beds.

But old man Jack was waiting for them, and seeming to be in the best of humor, he invited them to partake of some punch that he had prepared, and which, he said, would make them sleep like tops.

They gladly partook of this, and then, feeling sleepy, they retired, talking over the day's sport until they fell into a sound sleep.

And a very sound sleep it was, for the punch

that Jack had given them was drugged, and after it had worked upon them, they were both taken from their beds and carried by strong men on board a ship that lay in the stream all ready to sail, where they were placed in separate bunks without waking.

It was late the next afternoon when they woke, and then, to their great amazement, they found themselves on board a whaling ship, bound for the North Pacific on a three years' voyage. They had been "shanghaied" regularly, and there wasn't the slightest help for it.

They looked at each other in astonishment for some time after the truth became known.

"What you say 'bout dis yer?" asked Gabby.

"It's the devil's own change. But fat do we care?"

"I don't if you don't, Mike."

"Divil a hair I care, for 's happy-go-lucky go the Mulcahey Twins wherever we rove."

"Dat am so. Who care?" and they shook hands over the situation and accepted it.

We will not attempt to follow them further; remembering all the fun we have had together, we will say—

[THE END.]

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